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DOWN AMONG THE COAL MINES.

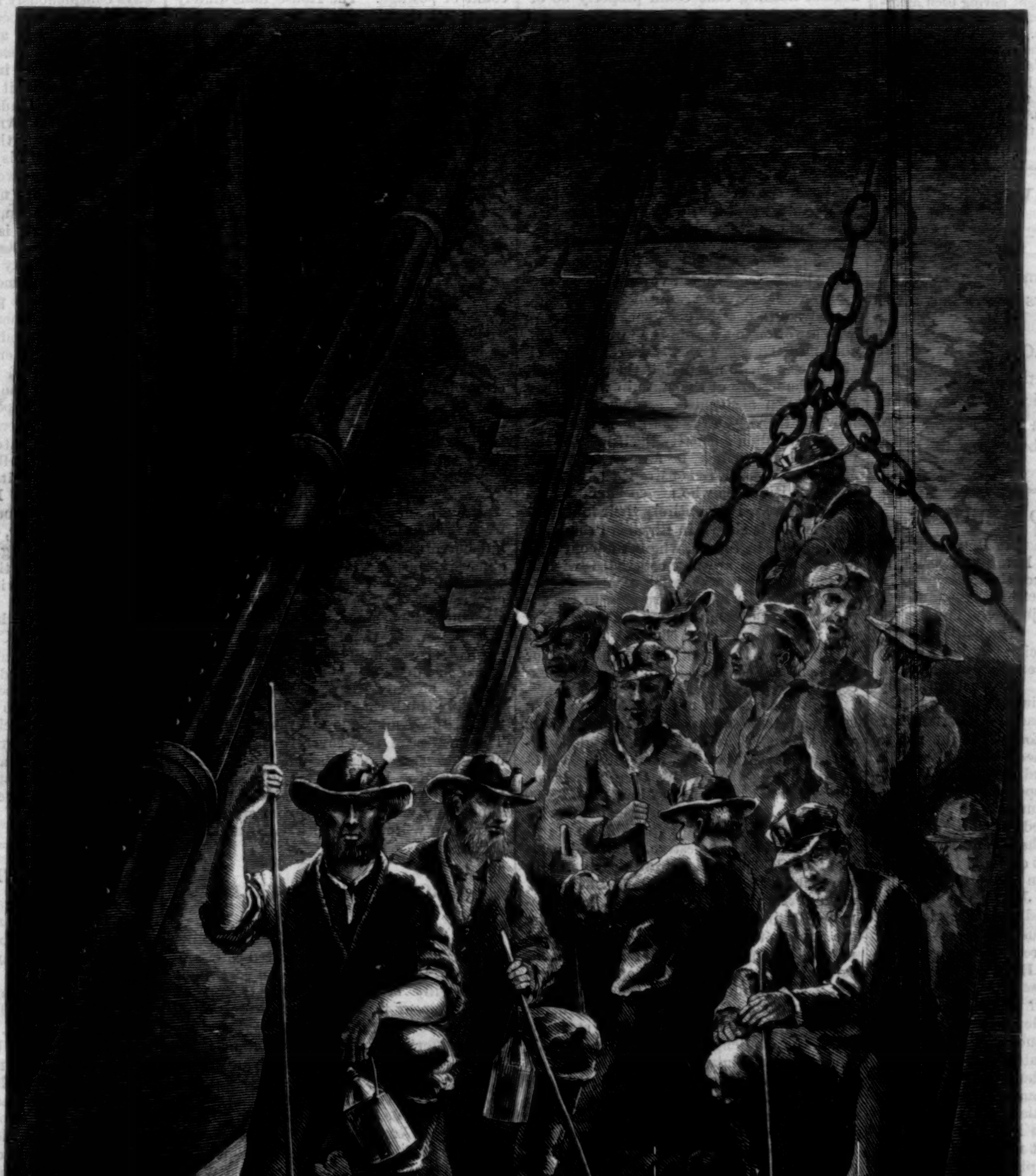
THE discovery of anthracite coal in this country has a curious and interesting history. It is said to have been first found in the Pennsylvania fields somewhere about the year 1768, when the region of the Wyoming Valley was purchased from the Indians; and twenty-three years later the famous Mauch Chunck deposits were brought to light, by a huntsman who, in pursuit of game, stumbled upon the treasure. Similar discoveries were also made in the southern and middle coal fields at nearly the same time.

Two years after the first discovery some blacksmiths, in experimenting with the new coal, are said to have found out its usefulness as a fuel, and from that time it was in moderate demand for mechanical purposes. It was sold at about ninety cents a bushel. In 1808 it was applied to warming private houses in Wilkesbarre, Judge FELL having contrived grates for this purpose. So slowly, however, did this fuel attract public attention, in the abundance of the wood of the forests, that up to the year 1820 only 365 tons of it had reached Philadelphia. Now the business of mining and transporting the coal has reached proportions that are hardly comprehensible. Millions of tons are brought forth every year, and men, women, and children by the hundred thousand are employed in its development.

The various processes by which the coal is worked out from its bed in the mountain and prepared for the market are worthy of the graphic illustrations given by our artist, who has devoted a considerable length of time to the study of the subject. The sketch on this page represents the miners at the bottom of the slope, or inclined roadway, which leads from the mouth of the tunnel to the base of the vein. They have just descended, and are evidently ready for work. Turning to page 148, we see them busily engaged at their various tasks. One of the lower pictures represents the surveyors closely examining the vein, with the view of marking out the plan of the day's operations. This done, the workmen begin their tasks, but not until the fire boss has gone into every recess of the mine to test the air and see if there is any fire-damp in it. If the flame of his lantern flickers he is assured of danger, and running at once to the office, he gives the alarm, and no one is permitted to enter until the fire-damp is removed. Going down to work, the miners have to pass the "counting board," on which are a number of pegs bearing the names of the workmen, and on each peg a number of wooden checks marked with corresponding names, each check representing a car-load of coal. These are distributed to the men as they pass in. When the trains come up with their loads of coal they have to pass this same point, and as they do so the drivers hand the checks to the counting boss, who returns them to the pegs, and at the end of the day there is the record of each man's labor, about which there can be no dispute.

The work of mining is greatly simplified by the process of blasting, which breaks down immense bodies of coal at every discharge. Sometimes as much as ten or fifteen tons are loosened by a single effort. The central sketch represents the operation of blasting in a "breast," which is only another name for the space created by the excavation made in the solid vein. Directly the blast is over the coal is thrown into cars that stand near by, and hauled in trains of five or six by mules to the bottom of the slope, where they are run on a large wheeled platform, called the "cage" (the same on which the workmen descended), and drawn to the mouth of the mine. In our illustration a boy may be seen drawing aside a curtain to let the team pass. This curtain, like the door in another part of the engraving, is used to regulate the supply of air in the mine according to necessity. The better to secure a current of fresh air, passages are cut at various points leading to the outer surface of the mountain; and sometimes it happens that these serve also as avenues of escape in case of sudden danger. To facilitate the ascent a stout wire rope is run the entire length of the passage, and by grasping this the miner may drag himself up to the mouth of the opening. As the drift extends from day to day the various gangways, slopes, and breasts are propped up and sustained by means of heavy timbers; and as these are constantly liable to rotting from the action of the water, or to give way to the tremendous strain upon them, they have to be very carefully watched, and wherever there is the least sign of weakness new timbers have to be brought in to take the places of the old ones. A cart-load of this material may be seen in the upper left-hand corner of the engraving, being drawn and pushed by men. The happiest point in the picture, however—to the miner at least—is the dinner scene in the lower left-hand corner of the page. Here at the hour of noon may be seen the little group of workmen busily refreshing themselves with the bits that they have brought with them from home, while close by them are the tired mules, who are also satisfying their hunger.

Leaving the dingy



DOWN AMONG THE COAL MINES—GOING DOWN THE SLOPE.

caverns of the mountain, it is pleasant to look again upon the bright sunlight, and to breathe the pure air of heaven. Standing at the top of the mountain, and looking downward in the direction of the stream below, our eyes behold a scene of rare picturesqueness and beauty, which the artist has cleverly presented at the top of page 156. Running from the point at which the loaded cars reach the surface at the mountain-top down to the water's edge are great chutes, or inclined planes. The coal is dumped into the upper end of these, and after passing through the breakers and being broken and sifted into different sizes, it falls into the holds of the canal-boats that are waiting below to receive it. These are quickly laden, after which they pass on their way to the markets, leaving room for others to take their places. The sketch at the bottom of the same page illustrates the method of weighing the cargoes in the boats. This is done by running each vessel into the "weigh-lock" of the canal, where the gross weight is ascertained, and by deducting from this the burden of the empty boat (which is made up and registered every spring on the same scale), the net figures are easily found. This "weigh-lock" is constructed with a movable bottom. While it is full the boat enters it, after which the doors are shut and the water is let out at one of the ends. The boat thus gradually sinks to the bottom, which is the platform of a scale, registering within the building above. The weight having been ascertained, the water is again let in, and the boat floated off into the stream.

Who shall say, when he considers the arduous nature of the miner's work, that he does not well deserve the pay he gets? It is a dull life at the best, and when the pay-day comes he may well be merry over it. The artist has done justice to the scene in the picture shown on page 157.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive the Tenth Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is issued gratuitously in EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENTS to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

BISMARCK AND JESUITISM.

THOSE who suppose that BISMARCK, the most sagacious of living statesmen, is waging war with the ecclesiastical power in Germany upon any superficial or whimsical ground do him great injustice. The key of his position is evident. The calling of the late Œcumenical Council at Rome was the sign of the probable ascendency of Jesuitism in the Roman Church. The declaration by the Council of papal infallibility was the proof of Jesuit supremacy. BISMARCK is a man of much too profound insight not to see the political consequences of such a fact, and he acts accordingly. For Jesuitism is an absolute despotism which recognizes only its own purpose and its own methods. It acknowledges no tie of country or of kindred. The Jesuit is a dumb and passive instrument engaged in the subjugation of the human mind to an ecclesiastical supremacy. Japan and Alaska, Turkey, Italy, England, and America, are to the Jesuit the indifferent scenes of his labor. He takes no root. He shares no common sympathies. He is no fellow-citizen. Patriotism is necessarily impossible to him. The task in which his whole being is enlisted is the creation of a state within the state, of an allegiance beneath that of country and government to a distant, absolute, and relentless authority.

Jesuitism is not Roman Catholicism, but it controls it. "Jesuitism," says GOLDWIN SMITH, in the discourse lately delivered by him in Toronto, "is not religion: Jesuitism is and always was conspiracy. It conspired of old with Catholic despots for the overthrow of Protestant governments, and of the liberty in which Protestantism has its being. It conspires with factions for the same purpose now......Jesuitism is at work in every country organizing a movement the object of which is the extinction of Protestantism and of modern civilization." It has made great progress, he thinks, in Europe. In Belgium it is grasping education, the polls, the judiciary. In Italy it is playing the demagogue, and mingling in the elections. It is advancing in Lower Canada; "and if," says MR. SMITH, and his words are suggestive—"if our party organs are silent on the subject, or try indirectly to divert the national mind from it, this is merely an instance of the manner in which Jesuitism gains political influence, and paves the way to its ends. The Jesuit comes in time to the polls, the legislature, the judiciary, the executive: but he first lays his hand upon education."

With every intelligent observer, BISMARCK knows all this; and he is resolved that in Germany Jesuitism shall be thwarted. The country that has been regenerated by education shall not be destroyed by intrusting education to its enemies. A Germany subject to Jesuitism is a thought so monstrous that BISMARCK is fully aroused, and all the wiles of the enemy do not avail. He has expelled them, not as charitable men and pious ministers, but as enemies of the state, who, under the plea of charity and piety, seek to poison the very fountains of patriotism. There is no more interesting movement in the world at this time than BISMARCK's contest with this subtle and deadly foe. He not only banishes the Jesuits, he seeks to extirpate Jesuitism in Germany.

On the 15th of June, 1872, the members, mostly women, of certain religious orders were forbidden to teach in the public primary schools of Prussia. During the next session of the deputies a motion was introduced that such an order violated the constitution of 1850, which provides that, under due reserves of law, the public functions are free to every capable person. The minister, in defending his order, said that the law required that every public officer should neglect nothing that could properly be of advantage to the state; the question, therefore, was whether the women, members of religious orders, who were teachers in the public schools, and therefore officers of the state, performed this duty. Do they give any guarantee whatever, he asked, that they educate the children confided to their care in such ideas of liberty, of fidelity to their country, of obedience to the laws, of attachment and devotion to the state, that the opinions, the hopes and wishes and purposes, in a word, the ideal of the scholars, is within or without their country?

The minister answered his own question. These teachers, he said, are bound to their order by the most sacred vows. Before they become teachers or servants of the state they are vowed to passive obedience to superiors who are often not within the jurisdiction of the state; and their views, the conditions of their position, do not permit them to understand the nature of the state in which they live. Alien authorities assume to decide how far these teachers shall obey the laws, while that alien authority itself has not the independence which it formerly enjoyed. Moreover, secular remonstrance is of little weight with those who are so bound by religious vows. How entirely their individuality is lost is shown in Rhenish Prussia, in Westphalia, in Silesia, where the contracts for this service are not concluded with a person, but with a superior or a congregation. Even the salaries are paid to the superior or to the congregation. The minister said that he had seen a contract in which it was provided that neither the children nor their parents could speak to the teacher except in the presence of the superior.

Such reasons the minister held to be a sufficient justification of his order; but there were others. The number of religious orders and houses is rapidly increasing. Without including the Jesuits, there were some time since not less than 892 houses and 8050 inmates. Besides, the enormous number of "the religious" teaching in public and private schools was suggestive. In the department of Coblentz there were nearly 750 in the public schools; in that of Düsseldorf alone, 222; in Oppeln, 84; in Aix-la-Chapelle, 70; in Königsberg, 59, etc.; and there are not less than 900, and unrecorded, in the private schools. In view of all the facts, said the minister, it was not only my right, but it was my duty, to issue the order. The question is not of the honor of a church, but of the rights of the state. The state accepts the challenge. And, gentlemen, said the eloquent minister, we shall not win in the struggle if we are left unsupported. We need the aid of the country. We need your aid. He was sustained by a vote of 242 to 83. It is in Germany as in this country. Ecclesiastical politics strike first for the control of public education. Jesuitism has mastered the Roman Church, and it would master modern civilization. In opposing and baffling it, BISMARCK is fighting the battle of liberty and humanity.

FRANKING ABOLISHED.

THERE are conveniences of many kinds in a Legislature of two Houses. The graver and greater are well known, but there are minor advantages which are more familiar to the members than to the public. When, for instance, the popular voice becomes loud in its demand of what the public believes to be a measure of reform, it is not impossible to pass it in one House with a sly wink, as it were, to the other. The other may then amend, and when the amended bill returns to the first House, after due debate it may decline the amendment, and the act dies, with the responsibility resting nowhere in particular. Each House has agreed to the reform, but can not agree upon the details. 'Tis a great pity; but the intelligent country sees that the measure itself is conceded, and as soon as little points of method are settled the reform will be made. The intelligent country meanwhile is a little bewildered. It hears the bat and sees the ball, and concludes that it is one of those things that no feller can find out.

This game has been played with the question of franking. Postmaster-General CRESWELL has strongly urged, as other distinguished gentlemen had urged before, the abolition of the privilege; and a year or two ago it was decreed by the House of Representatives, amidst a good deal of hallelujah from the press. It would be, perhaps, misprision of treason, or some other crime, to insinuate that the House "tipped the wink" to the Senate as it sent up the bill. But the Senate deliberated in a grave and prolonged manner, and in the maelstrom of affairs the bill disappeared instead of the franking privilege. But recently the Senate took up the bill again, and by a vote of 33 to 16 amended it, and returned it to the House. The amendment provides that no allowance shall be made to members of Congress on account of postage. The House immediately suspended the rules, passed the bill, sent it to the President, who immediately approved it, and the franking privilege is abolished. After the 1st of July next no member of Congress can frank a sack of books to a friend, or send his baggage home by mail gratis.

Senators BUCKINGHAM, EDMONDS, and FRELINGHUYSEN were among those who voted against the abolition, and upon the general ground that there ought to be free communication between members of Congress and their constituents, and that there is a great deal of valuable information, not otherwise easily accessible, which the government collects and ought to diffuse gratuitously. We do not understand that they cling especially to the present system, and they certainly do not deny its abuses. Senator WILSON, also, who voted for the abolition, is reported to have said that he did not think it would save money to the government. It is not, however, in that case easy to see what the country gains by the measure.

But the abuses of franking have become so enormous that it is better to abolish it. The abuses are not only direct but indirect. The honorable member not only franks his washing home, and all the letters of all his friends, and all the documents of his party, but he votes for large editions of the most expensive books which are not books, and which are treated as waste paper; and he does so only because they can be sent to constituents for nothing.

Undoubtedly there was a great deal of "spite" in the action of Congress. Many of the members believed the demand for reform to be only "a popular clamor," and probably think that the Postmaster-General played the demagogue in insisting upon it. They will scan very severely the estimates of the executive departments for postal appropriations. But they may be sure that the country is not unreasonable. It is the abuse only which it would correct, and the correction will now be both easier and more effectual.

A MORAL OF THE CRÉDIT MOBILIER.

THE investigation of the Crédit Mobilier is likely to have some unexpected collateral results. In speaking of the subject when the inquiry began we said, "If it shall finally appear that members owning stock voted favors to the company, then they must suffer in public estimation with the members who, being interested in any manufacturing industry, vote for its special protection." The Crédit Mobilier investigation opens the whole question whether a member of Congress can honorably vote upon any question of favor to any enterprise in which he is pecuniarily interested. When the *Tribune* said that Mr. BLAINE was "proved" to be guilty of fraud because, being a member of Congress, he had accepted stock in a company which Congress, with his assent, had subsidized, the accusation was totally untrue; but had it been true that he was an owner of the stock it would not have been a more flagrant offense than that which may now be correctly charged against hundreds of members of Congress from the beginning who are of the fairest reputation. We do not remember that the *Tribune* ever denounced those members as corrupt who, in voting for a high tariff, protected their own private interests. It rather considered them patriots, if we remember correctly, and supporters of a peculiarly "American system" and policy; and those who voted otherwise were very questionable characters, who were probably bought with British gold. But why is it not as honorable to be bought with British gold as with American?

The difficulty in the situation of the members charged as bribed by OAKES AMES is not that they consciously received a consideration for their votes, but that they received it unconsciously. Mr. AMES, a man of large enterprises, naturally sought to enlist the interest both of capitalists and of influential men, for names alone, without money, are often the most valuable allies to great undertakings. Mr. AMES, undoubtedly, is one of those who believe in the overpowering force of mercenary motives. He argued that if it was the pecuniary interest of a legislator to vote for a law, his vote for it was secure. There is certainly no moral difference between voting subsidies to a railroad in which you own stock and to an iron mine in which you own shares. If THADDEUS STEVENS was interested in iron and voted for a high duty, his act was not essentially different from that of any member who was interested in the Pacific Railroad and voted for a grant or for a release from taxation. If Mr. STEVENS could plead the advantage to the national industry of protecting American labor, certainly the railroad member might plead the gain to the national welfare in great public works and facility of communication. Thus Mr. COLFAX was always conspicuously interested in the Pacific Railroad. He advocated it in speeches, lectures, and articles; and he would, of course, have aided it with subscriptions had he been a capitalist. His interest was not selfish, but he supported it upon truly public and not private grounds. If he had become subsequently an owner of its stock and had voted subsidies to the road, it would not be at all clear that his ownership affected his action, because he would probably have done the same if he had not been an owner.

If, now, it be assumed, as it seems generally to be, that it is impossible for a legislator not to be influenced in his vote by the fact of a pecuniary interest in the subject of legislation, the moral of the Crédit Mobilier investigation is plain. Hereafter, when Congress votes upon a tariff favoring certain branches of industry, the members who are pecuniarily interested in those branches will be denounced as corrupt. After the evidence before the POLAND committee nobody seriously supposes that the Crédit Mobilier stock was accepted by members with any ill intent, whatever may have been the purpose of the distribution. But having become interested in it, they ought not to have voted to favor it. By the same reasoning, having become innocently interested in iron, or copper, or paper, or wool, members must abstain from voting, or, assuming that they are honest protectionists, they must vote against their convictions in order not to seem to be corrupt. We have no doubt that the perception of this fact, which has been refreshed by the Crédit Mobilier inquiry, will be of great public service. Members will henceforth understand that the public conscience is very sensitive upon this point, and that when high duties, which is but another name for special favors, and subsidies are voted in Congress, the ayes and noes will be carefully scanned and analyzed, and those who have sustained legislation which favors their private property will be pronounced corrupt.

PROTECT THE CHILDREN.

THE proper education of children is the most imperative care of the state. It is a truth which can not be too constantly repeated, for such care is not only the best economy, it is the truest humanity. But this education can not be left to the operation of what are called the natural laws of supply and demand. Left to such laws, civilization would go backward. For letting alone is not the perfection of political wisdom. But the resolution of the community that every child shall be educated implies prevention of the premature or oppressive employment of children. "Letting alone" would grind poor children to powder. A child five or six years old put at hard and engrossing labor is an ignorant and sickly youth at eighteen, and belongs by his ignorance to the dangerous classes. Moreover, the system which permits him to work at that age wastes intelligence and physical strength, the raw material of labor. And it is actively, by moving public opinion and by laws, that the mischief is to be remedied.

There is generally no want of disposition to relieve evils that are known, but many of the most serious are not known. Who knows, for instance, any thing about the hard labor of young children in the city of New York? In his most valuable and interesting work, *The Dangerous Classes of New York*—a work which is the fruit of the most humane devotion and careful reflection—Mr. C. L. BRACE tells us that there are nearly two thousand children under fifteen years of age employed in the manufacture of paper collars alone; and in tobacco factories around the city there were found children *only four years old*, and the ages ranged from four to fifteen

years. Some little girls of eight earn three dollars a week. In some rooms children of eight and women of sixty were working together. Indeed, Mr. MUNDELLA, who has been very active, as a large English manufacturer and member of Parliament, in the relief of the suffering English children, said publicly in this country that the evils of children's overwork seemed as great here as in England.

In the city of New York the Children's Aid Society, one of the noblest of our humane institutions, had, within the last two or three years, eleven night schools for the poor children; and Mr. BRACE speaks of the "passionate eagerness" with which the children who had been working hard from eight to ten hours a day came to the schools in the evening. The society's visiting agents collected curious and interesting statistics. At the Crosby Street school there were some hundred children. During the day they were engaged in putting up insect powder, driving wagons, and tending oyster saloons; they were tinsmiths, engravers, office-boys, in type-foundries, at screws, in blacksmith shops; they made cigars, polish, worked at packing tobacco, in barber shops, and at paper stands; were cash-boys and light porters; made artificial flowers and worked at hair; they were errand-boys, made ink, were in SINGER's sewing-machine factory, and in printing-offices; they posted bills, scraped paint, and peddled; they packed snuff, attended poultry stands in markets, were in shoe stores and hat stores, and helped painters and carpenters. In other schools it was found that the children worked at feathers; at twisting twine; one drove a "hoisting horse," another blacked boots; some, under thirteen, made chains of beads, others colored maps; one blew an organ for a music-teacher. In one school the girls were employed during the day in hair-work; they stripped tobacco, folded paper collars, worked crochet, did house-work, tended baby, put up papers in drug stores, etc., etc.

The children are doing all these things now. The employer not necessarily cruel, but intent upon his profits, and feeling that the children would be half starved or thrown into the poor-house but for the employment that he gives them. And the result of experience, both in England and in this country, is that neither the affection of the parent nor the humanity of the employer will prevent the incessant labor of children of tender age in various manufactures. The greed of capital and the need of poverty are the upper and the nether millstones, and in grinding the children they fatally bruise society itself.

In England public opinion long since demanded laws for the regulation of the labor of children in mines and factories. There is no more tragical passage in English history than the revelations of the debates upon the subject, as there was never a more pitiful spectacle than the procession of factory children in Manchester just as they left their work—a sight at which the city burst into sobs of indignation. Already in some of the New England States there are stringent laws upon the subject, especially in Connecticut. The main points of the laws are the age under which children must not be employed for hire, the limitation of working time for those of certain ages, and a specific requirement of schooling. In this State, also, an act has been drawn, under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society, which is fully informed of the facts, and which reminds us that in our large cities many children under ten years of age are worked from eleven to fifteen hours a day for six days in the week. The urgent necessity of such a law is evident, and it is every body's business.

AN ERA OF MURDER.

PROFESSOR TILDEN, of Harvard University, was shot in Washington the other day "by a ball from a pistol which accidentally fell from the pocket of Mr. G. C. HALL." The wound is very serious. And what of Mr. G. C. HALL? And how many Mr. HALLS are there in every hotel and in every public assembly from whose pockets loaded pistols may fall at any moment and kill a by-stander? Here in New York the recent records of crime show that it is a very general habit to carry loaded pistols, and there are a score of murderers at this moment in the Tombs. It is the custom of certain sporting men to "go prepared." They have a quarrel, and will not take the trouble to hunt up the party of the other part, but whenever he appears they, like one of the latest assassins, "just take out their pistols and shoot him." There are others who in time of peace prepare for war, and with an instinct that their companions and their associations are of a dangerous kind, they carry pistols to use upon occasion.

This habit, which has become universal among certain dangerous classes, is comparatively modern in this region, and it is in great part due to the laxity of the enforcement of criminal law in the city. The Ring which controlled the city for so long a time depended upon the ignorant, vicious, and sporting classes. It pandered to them, and flattered them in every way, and it led judges in chains of gold. The notorious phrase of a murderer two or three years ago—"Hanging is played out"—was the natural expression of his experience. Hanging was played out. It was known that the judges who enforced the laws rigorously could not depend upon the votes of the law-breaking classes. Juries also feared them. The Ring protected them. Thus the reign of the Ring was a reign of terror. And the present recklessness of law and incessant street murder are due to the criminal indifference of the intelligent voters in New York, who permitted themselves either to be indifferent to the city government, or to follow blindly a mere party leading.

Undoubtedly the public feeling in the city is now such that murderers will be more promptly tried and more probably punished. Indeed, there is in some of the newspapers a panic-stricken cry for blood, as if hanging a dozen murderers together were a short-cut to a municipal millennium. But it is not hanging that diminishes crime. It is not the punishment, but the certainty of the punishment, that is effectual. Hanging is now the penalty for murder, and every day is stained with blood. It is the feeling that hanging is played out—that is to say, that punishment will be evaded—which fosters crime. Criminal statistics, as the Prison Reform Congress, recently in session at Baltimore, showed, are reduced to a science. A hundred years ago in England men were hung for stealing a joint of meat. In any memoir of that time you will find the account of eight, ten, or a dozen offenders who weekly suffered at Tyburn. But there was also an increase of crime. The reason was that, although some were hung, yet penalties were so disproportioned to crimes that juries would not convict, and there was, therefore, no fatal certainty of punishment.

It is not an enormous gibbet that is wanted to diminish crime in this community; it is the steady and sure and prompt enforcement of law. And that we shall not have so long as the criminal classes elect the judges and prosecuting officers. The most monstrous spectacle in the recent era of murder was not the shooting of any of the victims; it was the apology of the prosecuting attorney to the murderer who had been convicted. If such an incident as that had been described by FIELDING or SMOLLETT as happening in the English courts a hundred and fifty years ago, it would have been cited as the most astonishing evidence of the incredible demoralization of the time. Let us remember, when we come to vote upon the question of appointing or electing judges, that the order of the community depends very much upon the character of the bench, and that although, as we see in familiar and recent instances, good judges are sometimes elected, yet the virtue of the bench is endangered by making it dependent upon popular suffrage. Good order does not demand spasmodic justice and the sanguinary slaughter of criminals, but wise laws inflexibly administered. And for that administration the public is chiefly responsible.

PERSONAL.

A TELEGRAM from Harrisburg announces the sudden death of Major-General JOHN W. GEARY, ex-Governor of Pennsylvania, which took place on the 8th inst. He arose apparently in good health in the morning, but soon after breakfast dropped dead in his chair. He served with distinction in the Mexican war, and in the recent conflict with the South added to his fame for the loftiest patriotism and bravest soldiership. In his death the country loses one of her noblest sons.

—Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT's annual gift of medals to the two members of the Fire Department who shall have most distinguished themselves in saving life at fires during the year were conferred at the lecture-room of Bellevue Hospital on Friday, the 31st ult. The first was awarded to CHARLES L. KELLEY, assistant foreman of Engine No. 9, who at a fire on February 9 climbed to the second story of the building while the first floor was in flames, and rescued several persons. He has since been promoted, and is now foreman. The second was THOMAS HENRY, assistant foreman of Hook and Ladder Company No. 6. He entered the second floor of a burning building and rescued three women and four children, and at another time saved the lives of two men. Medals were also given to THOMAS HUTCHESON and AMBROSE L. AUSTIN, both foremen in the department, for acts of conspicuous courage.

—WILLIAM B. WRIGHT, of Buffalo, the author of the new poem of *The Brook*, which is highly praised upon all sides, is not, as many persons seem to suppose, the Rev. W. B. WRIGHT, the eloquent pastor of the Berkeley Church in Boston. Indeed, so far is this from being the fact that the latter gentleman is not even sure that he could turn a rhyme, while the former writes poetry.

—In reference to Professor TYNDALL's proposed donation of the proceeds of his lectures in this country, it is understood that $1500 is to go to the Young Men's Christian Association of Washington, $500 to the Yale Scientific Club, and $15,000 to a committee as a trust fund for the education of one or two young men for the scientific career. The gift to Yale is to found a TYNDALL prize in the Sheffield school.

—Mr. FRANCIS WARDEN, the resident partner in Paris of the firm of A. T. STEWART & Co., died in that city on the 27th ult. He was a native of Massachusetts, but for nearly thirty years had resided in Paris, and managed the affairs of the establishment on the Continent, occupying the same relations to Mr. STEWART that Mr. FOX does in Great Britain and Mr. LIBBY in this country. Mr. WARDEN was a gentleman of refined tastes, and entertained elegantly at his house, 15 Rue Berger. During the rebellion he warmly espoused the side of the North, and rendered material aid. He leaves a fortune estimated at ten millions of dollars, the result of his success as a merchant.

—It has been asked, What makes the ADAMSES always in demand when great questions of national interest come up for settlement? Because it has always been the habit of that family to study matters of diplomacy and the rules of statesmanship. They have the knack of work in their very bones, and they dig into a subject of national importance with the strength that comes of energetic and intelligent action, and a pickaxe welded of iron will. A fresh instance of a demand for that family is found in the resolution of our Legislature asking CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS to deliver the eulogy on the late WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

—Mr. EDMUND YATES, whose success as a lecturer in this country has been complete, after a trip to the western part of the State and a run through Canada to fill engagements, returns to England on the 12th of March, and after a brief rest at home goes to the Vienna Exhibition as the representative and correspondent of the New York *Herald*.

—When the funeral observances in honor of GEORGE WASHINGTON took place at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, on the 11th of January, 1800, Mrs. MARY MILLER mounted her noble steed and rode from Exeter to see the spectacle. Mrs. MILLER still lives, at the age of ninety-two, to recount the incidents of the obsequies.

—Mr. FRANK PALMER appears to have unlimited confidence in the *Inter-Ocean*, a Chicago daily, having just paid $100,000 for half of it. Formerly he printed a paper in Chautauqua County, and gets on well at any thing he undertakes.

—Mr. EDWIN JAMES, who occupied so prominent a position at the English bar and in Parliament, but for certain pressing reasons left England and came to New York, has returned to London, and petitioned to the proper legal tribunal to be restored to the bar, from which he claims that he was illegally ejected. The original trouble with Mr. JAMES grew out of pecuniary irregularities with the present Earl of Yarborough, the late Mr. INGRAM, and Mr. W. H. FRYER. No specific charges were ever brought against him, and he is supposed to have made such arrangements with the parties as will lead to his restoration.

—AMOS TOWNSEND, of New Haven, has recently completed the forty-seventh year of his service with the New Haven Bank, of which he is cashier. The half-century men of this sort are so rare as to be noteworthy.

—Lord SELBORNE, the new Lord Chancellor of England, has commenced to brush away some of the venerable cobwebs of the English judiciary by recommending Mr. C. E. POLLOCK for a judgeship in the Exchequer Court. Mr. POLLOCK, who is only forty-four, has no party claims whatever, being opposed to the present ministry, and never having been in Parliament. He was recommended on his merits alone, and the need that was felt for a judge experienced in business. Notwithstanding the arduous duties that have fallen upon Lord SELBORNE, he still continues his duties as a Sunday-school teacher, and from twenty to twenty-five young men and lads, from sixteen years and upward, have the great advantage of his instructions every Sunday.

—"Pleasures of Memory:" a dinner, thirty-three years ago, at ROSWELL L. COLT's, in Park Place; guests—PHILIP HONE, MOSES H. GRINNELL, JOHN WARD, J. PRESCOTT HALL, CHARLES KING, RICHARD M. BLATCHFORD, SIMEON DRAPER, J. WATSON WEBB, GEORGE CURTISS, CHARLES H. RUSSEL, JAMES BOWEN, THURLOW WEED, with DANIEL WEBSTER describing the domestic habits of *salmon* and *shad*, closing with a minute verbal recipe for achieving a *Marshfield Chowder!*

—The late Emperor of Austria liked his quiet joke. When LISZT once played before him he went up and did him a little compliment. "I have heard LISZT and THALBERG and CHOPIN," said he, gravely, "but I have never seen any one *perspire* like you."

—The trustees of the British Museum and the Lords of the Treasury have accepted the offer of the proprietors of the London *Daily Telegraph* to send out to Assyria, at an expense of $5000 for six months, Mr. GEORGE SMITH, the decipherer of the tablets which have lately caused so much interest in the antiquarian and literary worlds.

—JOHN JAMES INGALLS, the new United States Senator from Kansas, is a native of Massachusetts, about forty years of age, and a graduate of Williams College, of the class of 1856. He is a lawyer, a man of some note as a speaker, and a frequent contributor to the magazines and newspapers. He went to Kansas fifteen years ago, and is regarded as an old settler.

—Mr. CHARLES F. DOLE, formerly editor of the *Missionary Herald*, has been chosen Professor of Greek in the University of New York. He is expected to dole out the particles with critical accuracy.

—Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN, of Dundee, Scotland, recently married fifteen couples in ten hours. A good day's work in the matter o' money.

—Mr. CRANSTON, an opulent gentleman of Newport, Rhode Island, died a few days since, and left one bequest that will be claimed by numbers of those who are of conspicuous respectability. He gives $75,000 for the benefit of those who are "too proud to beg and too honest to steal." That must include pretty much every body in Newport.

—In the matter of wealth the editors of papers in Philadelphia stand out in grand relief. Mr. CHILDS, of the *Ledger*, is said to be worth $3,000,000; WILLIAM M. SWAIN, of the *Record*, $2,000,000; JOHN W. FORNEY, of the *Press*, $2,000,000; MORTON M'MICHAEL, of the *North American*, $150,000; JOHN H. TAGGART, of the *Times*, $75,000; WILLIAM W. HARDING, of the *Inquirer*, $300,000; E. W. C. GREENE, of the *Transcript*, $50,000; E. J. HINCKEN, of the *Dispatch*, $100,000; DENNIS F. DEALEY, of the *Herald*, $75,000; WILLIAM MEESER, of the *Mercury*, $60,000; FRANK WELLS, of the *Telegraph*, $75,000.

—A long and beautiful autograph letter of GEORGE WASHINGTON to Rev. Mr. BOUCHER, of Annapolis, respecting the education of his step-son, realized £25 at a recent auction sale in London.

—Mr. GLADSTONE clings to his classics. There is something of more than personal interest about such avowals as he made at a recent meeting, after the reading of Mr. GEORGE SMITH's paper on the Chaldæan account of the deluge, concerning his love for Homer. "Every day," he said, "must begin for me with my old friend Homer—the friend of my youth, the friend of my middle age, and my old age, from whom I hope never to be parted as long as I have any faculties or any breath in my body." That is a strong and almost a vehement expression of exceptional attachment even among British statesmen.

—Lord LYTTON's estate at Knebworth is supposed to have yielded him an income of about $75,000 a year. This, with the copyright of his works, which have averaged him $15,000 a year for many years, enabled him to live comfortably, and to place him in the position of being the most opulent literary man of modern times.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS did not accomplish much during the past week. The Senate, on the 3d inst., laid the Webb Australian Subsidy bill on the table by a vote of 33 to 31. In the House, a resolution offered by Mr. Roberts, of New York, killed the famous Goat Island scheme.—In the Senate, on the 4th inst., the consideration of the Finance Committee's substitute for the Buckingham Banking bill was resumed, and amendments offered by Messrs. Thurman, Fenton, and Buckingham were rejected. A message was received from the House transmitting a copy of the testimony taken in the Crédit Mobilier investigation, and, on motion of Mr. Patterson, a committee of five was appointed to investigate matters relating to members of the Senate. In the House, Mr. Poland, chairman of the select committee on the Crédit Mobilier investigation, presented the evidence taken, and moved that it be printed. He also moved that the portions affecting members of the Senate be referred to that body. Both propositions were adopted. The report from the conference committee on the Indian Appropriation bill was adopted. The House then considered the bills reported from the Committee on Invalid Pensions, and, after passing the bill for the payment of the Montana war claims, adjourned.—In the Senate, on the 5th inst., Mr. Anthony stated from the chair that the Vice-President would prefer not to select a committee of inquiry into the Crédit Mobilier affairs. After debate, Mr. Anthony was intrusted with the appointments, and selected Messrs. Morrill, Scott, Stockton, Wright, and Stevenson as a special committee. The Finance bill was laid on the table by 29 to 27, and the bill for the distribution of the Geneva award lost by 31 to 17. The Mexican Claims Commission was struck off the Appropriation bill. In the House, a large number of pension bills were passed.—In the House, on the 6th inst., the bill to build eight sloops of war was adopted, as also were resolutions paying C. C. Bowen, the contestant for De Large's seat, from South Carolina, $1500, and appropriating $30,000 to defray the expenses of the investigations in the Louisiana, Arkansas, and Kansas elections. A resolution was also passed authorizing the Wilson committee to consider and act on the testimony taken by the Poland committee on the Mobilier frauds. In Committee of the Whole the Post-office Appropriation bill was discussed, and cut down a million and a half.—In the course of a discussion in the House, on the 7th inst., on the appropriation for the Military Academy, Mr. Butler prophesied that Mexico would be annexed within this generation.

The joint committee of the Senate and House of Representatives on the Library has had under consideration for more than a year the subject of international copyright. Various bills and memorials were referred to them, and the committee examined in person representatives of all the interests concerned—authors, publishers, printers, and others—and then fully discussed each of the schemes proposed among themselves. The result was embodied in the unanimous report presented by Senator Morrill, of Maine, on Friday, February 7, which pronounced every form of law ever yet proposed for an international copyright to be subject to very grave constitutional objections, as well as sure to be injurious to American authors, publishers, and manufacturers, and, above all, to the cause of universal education and popular intelligence.

In the New York State Senate, on the 4th inst., a concurrent bill was offered requesting Senators and Representatives of the State in Congress to oppose the purchase of the telegraph by government. Among the bills ordered to a third reading was one amending laws relative to letters testamentary, and another for the creation of the new town of Kingsbridge, Westchester County. In the Assembly, bills were ordered to a third reading, to punish as perjury false statements to clergymen and magistrates in cases relating to marriages, and to punish for careless use of fire-arms.—In the Assembly, on the 6th inst., a bill was introduced for annexing Morrisania and West Farms to New York.

An explosion of a battery of boilers in the American Iron-Works, near Pittsburg, caused the loss of seven lives and injuries to a large number of others, on the 3d inst. At Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, a similar accident in the foundry and rolling-mills of Wood & Brothers also caused the loss of seven lives, while a third explosion, also in a rolling-mill, occurred in Syracuse, New York. The latter, fortunately, was unattended with fatal results.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT THIERS appeared before the Legislative Committee of Thirty, on the 3d inst., and expressed in strong terms his objections to their constitutional project. He said he was humiliated, but he declined to become a political manikin. A compromise was finally effected by various concessions offered to the President.

The Carlist insurrection in Spain is assuming formidable proportions. The Paris *Union* says their lines extend through the Northern provinces of Spain from Cape Creux to Corunna, and that they are flourishing in numbers, arms, and resources. Mail communications have ceased between Spain and Paris for a whole week.

A republican Senator proposed in the Spanish Cortes, on the 5th inst., to extend the provisions of the Porto Rico Abolition bill to Cuba, and to pay the slaves the indemnity money instead of the owners; but the proposition is not likely to be adopted.

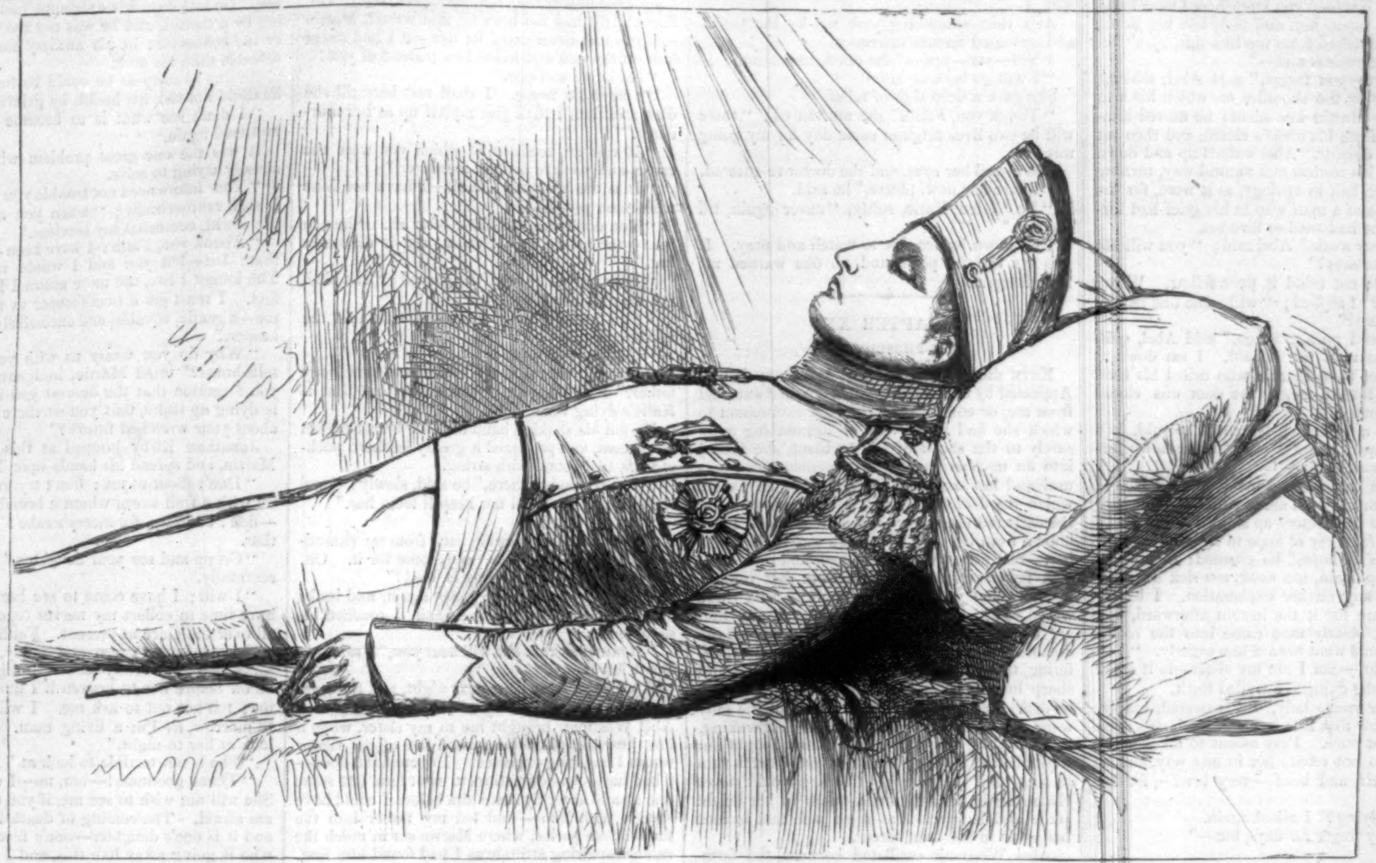
The British Parliament was reopened on the 6th inst., when the Lord Chancellor read her Majesty's speech. In the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli spoke strongly against the Geneva award, and in open defiance of the encroachments of Russia in Central Asia.

The first three days of the present month were so intensely cold in England that upward of 100 persons were frozen to death.

Prince Bismarck has asked for an appropriation of 45,000,000 thalers for erecting and improving fortifications in Germany. He has also introduced a bill in the Committee of the Federal Council imposing a tax upon stock gambling.

A newspaper editor in Posen, Germany, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment for publishing an article entitled "The Battle with God's Church."

DOWN AMONG THE COAL MINES—INSIDE THE MINE.—[See First Page.]



NAPOLEON I., DIED MAY 5, 1821, AGED 52.—From a Sketch made at St. Helena, Two Days after his Death, by J. Ward, Esq., of the Fourth Regiment of Foot.—[See Page 151.]

(Continued from No. 842, page 142*.)

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," "Poor Humanity," etc., etc.

Book the Fourth.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON THE CLIFFS.

What were my love-troubles to this great and awful blow for which I was unprepared, if Dick Simmons's wild statement were to be believed? How they seemed to vanish from me, to belong to some one else, as, with the blood freezing in my veins, I bent over the prostrate man and shook him roughly, as one might endeavor to shake a drunken man into the semblance of consciousness.

"Dick, you don't mean what you say!" I cried; "you can't mean— Get up, and tell me what has led you to frighten me like this. Say you are drunk or mad!"

"Oh! let me die," he wailed forth; "I shall die here if you let me be."

"Will you speak?" I hissed in his ears; "do you remember what you said a moment since?"

"That Kate Kirby was dead," he replied—"yes, it's true, by Heaven!"

My heart sank awfully again, although I was assured that he had been drinking, and that he was more than half mad in his drink. He was dangerous, but I was afraid of him no longer.

"Come into the house," I said; "you are right—it is better that I should hear you there."

He rose and followed me, stumbling his way in the dark among the chairs, and finally dropping into one with a crash that threatened its demolition. I sat down near the window, and waited for his statement. I did not ring for lights; I was only eager for all that he had to say, and was prepared to act upon it the instant that his explanation afforded me the clew.

"Go on," I said, with feverish impatience; "what next? She is dead, you say—my sister."

"Yes," he said, stolidly; "and I killed her."

"You—you!" I screamed; "oh, it can't be true!"

"It's as true as gospel."

"Dick, you have been drinking—for mercy's sake, tell me this is fancy!"

"O that it was!" he cried, beating his hands together; "O that she might come back to life, the woman I loved, and who has brought me down to this! She led me on—her father led me on—only a few weeks ago, I was to help her father by finding out the Westmair secret, and then he thought that Katie would remember how long I had been faithful, and promise some day to marry me. I was fool enough to believe all that—to believe what your d—d father told me—to plan and plot for him—to be content with the smiles she gave me now and then—she knowing what a weak, miserable, besotted driveler I was, and how a word had always turned me."

"Go on. I don't care to hear this. Tell me what you mean by saying that Katie is dead."

The man was obstinate, and would tell his story his own way. I was forced to listen to him in the darkness, to catch at times glimpses of the dark outlines of his figure as he sat far back in the room, to strain my ears to pierce a meaning from his thick voice and incoherent utterance.

"After Martin Westmair had left London," said Dick, "I broke into the warehouse, and found the recipe of the polish in the iron safe, which I wrenched open too. I came down here with it—for Katie's sake, all for Katie's sake!—and on the cliff away toward Kessingland, where I went in search of her and her father—where I was told to meet them—I found her and that accursed Martin Westmair, who was in my way two years ago, and who I thought had quarreled with her, and loved you. They were together, standing by the cliff, and he was kissing her! He was the man I hated—she was the woman for whom I had sunk to the level of a brute, and I went mad to see them. I rushed at him—only at him, as there's a judgment in heaven for me, only at him!" he repeated, wildly, "and Katie turned and shrieked, and stepped back off the cliff. I saw her go—my God!—I saw her fall eighty feet down to the sea-shore, and am living still to tell you."

"I can't believe it—it's not true—not a word of it!" I cried, and then forgetting him, the deserted house, every thing but Katie, I ran out bare-headed to the Esplanade, and went swiftly in the direction of the cliffs. He did not follow me, and I went on alone—ascending toward the village of Pakefield, and meeting one or two stragglers who stared at me, but made no comment on my haste or wildness. I passed through Pakefield like a woman in a dream; a few fishermen were loitering in the streets; their wives and children were at their open doors, or gazing at the glory of the sea and stars; all was very calm and peaceful, with no shadow of tragedy on men's faces, and no whisperings of danger on their lips. I stopped to speak to one man—a big, burly fisherman, leaning, with folded arms, across the wooden rail, and looking down at the sands below him.

"Have you heard—is any thing the matter farther on—has some one fallen off the cliffs?" I asked.

The man took a short pipe from his mouth, and glared at me.

"Na," he said.

He would have questioned me in my turn, had I not passed on, hoping that Dick Simmons had imagined the calamity, and yet fearing for the truth of it—seeing the terrible scene which he had depicted in his excitement, and hearing, as it were, my sister's shriek as she passed from life to death, in the awful manner that had been related to me. When I was on the higher ground, lying between Pakefield and Kessingland, where the cliffs were rugged and steep, and the path wound round close to their crumbling brinks, I feared the worst. The truth seemed approaching nearer; in the darkness of the night, the murmuring of the sea, the soughing of the land-breeze across the country, the depth and solemnity about me, I seemed to advance toward the tragedy and to dismiss those doubts of it which had kept me strong.

Suddenly a tall man came toward me with swift strides from the opposite direction. It was Abel Westmair. I was not surprised—like a woman in a dream, nothing surprised me.

"Thank Heaven, it is you, Faith!" he said, in a deep voice. "I was coming in search of you. You have been told that—"

"That my little Kate is dead— Oh! it is true, then?"

"She is not dead," said Abel Westmair. "Don't give way yet."

"I am very strong."

"Lean on my arm," he said, with a strange gentleness; "you are trembling very much—you must find strength and courage to bear up against this—you were always so strong and brave a woman, and this is God's will. Don't give way."

I took his arm, and we went on together.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"Lying in the next farm-house—where Martin carried her."

"Conscious?" I asked.

"Yes, conscious—and terribly anxious to see you. Courage, Faith! you must keep strong to the end now."

CHAPTER XIX.

A SOLEMN PROMISE.

Abel Westmair and I proceeded along together, he acting as my guide, and disturbing me not by further words. He had no consolation to bestow, and I was grateful for his silence.

He had been strangely kind and gentle in his manner on my first meeting with him; I felt his arm tremble as I leaned upon it, and I knew that in my troubles he took his share. Once or twice he looked into my face, as though he doubted my calmness, or the motive for my silence, and then my grave, set looks told him of my strength. He thought that I was prepared for the worst now, that I was very brave, when I was only stunned by the blow which had fallen.

We were before the farm-house at last, whither they had taken little Kate Kirby. It was a small homestead lying back half a mile from the cliffs, with a rugged private road flanked by high hedges, leading to the London road beyond. I could have almost believed in its being a dream again, all was so still under the star-lit sky. There was no stir within the house; a light or two behind the window-blinds of certain rooms told me of watchers, but every thing was restful. Could there be tragedy so close upon me? I marveled, as I stood with Abel Westmair under a porch overgrown with honeysuckle, waiting for some one to respond to our summons.

The door opened, and a scared maid-servant, with a light in her hand, admitted us, and led the way to a small low-ceilinged parlor, poorly furnished.

There was a man sitting with his head buried in his arms, and he did not move as we entered. It was not till Abel said "Martin" that he held up a face that was twenty years older than the morning's.

"You have come—Abel has told you all," he said to me.

"Yes—yes. The doctor?" I gasped forth.

"He is up stairs; he has shut me away from her," he moaned forth; then he buried his head on his arms again, and we could hear him sobbing violently. Abel Westmair looked from him to me, and then laid his hand on the shoulder of his nephew.

"Courage, Martin!" he said; "you should take example from her sister, who does not give way like this. She is resigned."

"I am not resigned," I cried, rebelliously.

"You may disturb her who is up stairs," continued Abel, in further protest against his nephew's grief.

"Oh! if I could only die with her, Abel!" he replied; "if you could only un-

"I DETECTED HIS RIGHT HAND STEALING TOWARD THE BREAST-POCKET OF DICK SIMMONS."

derstand what it is to love a woman as I have all my life loved Kate—if you knew how I have loved her, lost her, found her, and then lost her again—seen her snatched from me like this, by a Creator who is merciless and—"

"You rave—you forget," said Abel, shaking him roughly by the shoulder on which his arm still rested. Martin was silent; he moved himself angrily from his uncle's clutch, and then sat dumb in his despair. Abel walked up and down the room in his restless and natural way, turning to me at last, half in apology, as it were, for the extravagance of a man who in his grief had forgotten that he had tried to love me.

"He is very weak," Abel said; "you will not mind what he says?"

"No, I do not mind it, poor fellow. Where is my sister?" I replied; "will some one tell her that I am here?"

"I will send up a message," said Abel, quitting the room on the instant. I sat down at some distance from Martin, who raised his head and looked toward me, as the door was closed behind his uncle.

"This is a terrible judgment," he said, in a hoarse whisper, "and I am stricken down forever. If I could only—"

"Pray do not speak to me about yourself," I said, in entreaty; "tell me of Katie—how it happened—what the doctors up stairs say of her—if there is one faint ray of hope to cling to."

"There is no hope," he groaned; then he let his head drop again, too weak, too sick at heart, to offer me any further explanation. I hardly seemed to care for it the instant afterward, and until a thin, elderly man came into the room, when I rose and went toward him eagerly. "You are the doctor—can I see my sister—is it safe? Oh, Sir! is she dying?" I wailed forth.

"My dear young lady," he answered, kindly, "I don't know that it is safe, but she insists upon seeing you at once. Pray assent to all that she says, and do not excite her in any way, and be calm yourself, and brief—very brief—for her sake."

"Is she dying?" I asked again.

"She may linger for days, but—"

"But—"

"There is no hope, Miss Kirby, I regret to say."

"God help her, and us all!" I murmured, and the voice of Martin Westmair gave forth a hoarse "Amen" as I went out of the room, followed by the doctor.

Proceeding up stairs together, the doctor said, "I have sent for further advice, but I feel it my duty to apprise you of the hopeless nature of the case."

"Thank you," I murmured.

"This is the room," the doctor said, as we paused on the first landing; "you will be calm, please," he adjured again, "and do your best to calm her. I think that it is in your power rather than in mine."

I followed him into the room, and to the bedside of one set apart from the world's strife with an awful suddenness. Ah! it was my little Kate still, lying there very marble-like and rigid, but undisfigured by her terrible fall. Her big eyes watched me with strange earnestness approach her, and her lips quivered for an instant at the sight of me.

It was her voice, very distant and weak, that thrilled me as I bent down at her bedside.

"Kiss me, Faith," she whispered. "It is soon over, isn't it?"

"What is soon over?" I asked, dropping my voice to her low pitch at once.

"Our quarreling."

"Oh, Katie dear! we did not quarrel," I cried.

"But you were different, and I—I wanted you to think the best of me."

She could not continue for a while, and I waited with my eyes trying to see her through my tears. The doctor stood at the bed's foot, with his hands crossed, and his gaze fixed upon the patient, who was a curious study for him, and beyond the range of his poor country practice. Her eyes turned slowly toward the doctor, and then back to me.

"I shall be able to speak presently—to-morrow, perhaps," she said, again in the same forced whisper—"he says that not a bone is broken—how strange that is!"

"Yes."

"Who came to you?" she asked.

"Simmons."

"Poor Dick—what does he say?"

"That it is all his doing."

"He startled me, and I turned and lost my footing. It was an accident. Martin will tell you so. Ah! my Martin—where is he?"

"Down stairs."

"I want to speak of him to you," she said, more restlessly. "Tell the doctor to go, please."

The doctor did not wait for my injunction, he pressed a finger to his lip and went toward the door, whereat he motioned me to be speedy in following him, before he closed it.

"Faith, when I die," she said, eagerly, "take care of my poor weak boy down stairs—for God's sake, marry him—oh! take care of him—forgive him—do!"

"Oh, Kate! don't think of this—don't say another word—pray rest!"

"I can't rest for thinking of it—I shall go raving mad about it if you do not answer," she went on in the same agitated whisper; "it was the first thought when I knew what had happened, and how surely I was called upon to give up him and you. You will promise me that? I shall die unhappy else. Only that, Faith—only promise that! I shall be dead to-morrow!"

Heaven knows why I recoiled from that promise, in that hour—why I could not think of my lost lover, why there was a very horror in thinking of him as I stood at my sister's bedside. But I was bewildered—anxious to spare her further excitement, and I said, quickly,

"If he should ever ask me again to be his wife, I—"

And then something took me by the throat and strangled further utterance.

"Yes—yes—you—" she cried, impatiently.

"I will go back to him."

She gave a deep sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Faith," she murmured; "there will be two lives brighter some day for my going away!"

She closed her eyes, and the doctor re-entered.

"Leave her now, please," he said.

"No," cried Katie, softly, "never again, till the last."

I sat down by her side to watch and pray. It was my rightful place, and no one warned me from it again.

CHAPTER XX.

SELF-PRESERVATION.

Kate did not speak again for many hours. Appeased by the promise which she had extorted from me, or enfeebled by the past excitement to which she had given way, or succumbing more surely to the shock of her accident, she lapsed into an unconsciousness that seemed more natural and less assuring. The further advice for which the doctor had sent, and which came in the early morning, only told me that which I had known from the first, that there was no hope for her. She was internally crushed, and must die.

A few hours more or less from that verdict, formally and yet kindly pronounced, and there would be an end of my poor, strange Katie's life.

"She will suffer a great deal at the last," the doctors had said; but Katie never owned to suffering, though her face took the dark hues and sharp lines born of incessant pain. "She will be delirious," they prophesied also; but she only wandered for a few hours, after her first waking, and talked of home in Dorset Street, fought her fretful battles with her landlady, and tried in vain to sing, as if to audiences that she would never charm again, and that had taken to her bright smile and happy face as most men and women had done in her brief career.

Abel Westmair oscillated between the farm-house and his house upon the Esplanade, anxious for news, and evincing ever a kindness and solicitude which made of him a different man. It seemed years ago since that day of quarreling when he had affronted Martin and Martin's mother, and had offered to take me for his wife, with a ring of anger in his voice the while. Martin did not quit the farm-house; the inmates found some place for him to rest—if he ever rested, which was doubtful, judging by his haggardness. He was wholly prostrated, and I forgave his treachery to me, out of charity for his deep love for her, knowing too how desolate he would be.

Yes, desolate forever, and Katie's wish of no avail, as I felt already, in that hour of my grief, it had a right to be. He had seen her snatched from him at the moment of his love's renewal, and there would never come again lightness or brightness to him.

He studiously avoided his uncle, who, taking him now and then by surprise, evinced that sympathy with his misfortune which he did not care to receive. Sorrow had rendered Martin Westmair sullen, and it was only myself whom he would answer graciously.

There was another man who came for news, and who wearied more than one at the farm by his incessant questions. This was Dick Simmons, who skulked round the precincts of the house, or lay about the grass-land glaring up at the windows, when not begging for tidings of her whom he maintained that he had murdered. It was the grim shadow of Katie's life hovering about her at the death—dark, repulsive, and gin-sodden, for even in his utter misery he could not set aside the drink which had brought about his ruin. He prayed for news as men in a desert pray for water, and we could hear him moaning, dog-like, in the night, beneath the burden of his misery.

Once Katie heard him, and asked me, some hours after consciousness had returned to her, what wailing noise that was without. I told her.

"I should like to see him," she said, thoughtfully.

"He is not to be trusted," I answered, with a shudder.

"I acted very badly by poor Dick," she said, with a sigh; "I trifled with his love for me till I ruined him—of late days father and I made of him a spy. Poor father, he is slow in coming here, but I shall live to see him. Don't you think that my voice is stronger, Faith?"

"Yes," I replied.

"It does not pain me to speak so much this evening," she said, "and I should like to say a few words to Dick. I think he will forgive me."

I went out in search of Richard Simmons at her request, but he shrank from entering the house. He was not sober either, and I was grateful for his refusal. He tossed himself wildly about the grass when I told him that Katie wished for his forgiveness for all the folly of the past; he took the blame upon himself; he sent his blessing to her, and prayed that she might curse him with her dying breath; he raved, and wept, and shrieked, and hid his face away from me.

Katie had sent me with a message to him, guessing by instinct, perhaps, that he would not come to see her. She had heard my story of his visit to me, and of all that he had confessed.

"What you have discovered concerning Mr. Westmair's business, it is Katie's earnest wish that you destroy," I said.

"Because it will do the Westmairs harm to make their secret known," he cried, savagely—"as if they haven't done harm enough to me!"

"Because it is not honest."

"If it will ruin them to throw a light upon their tricks, so much the better," cried Dick; "see what misery they have brought about! Oh, Katie! if it had not been for that wretch Martin—if you had never cared for him—if I had swept him off the cliff and killed him instead of you!"

"Go home and rest."

"I have no home. I shall rest here till she dies, and then I shall give myself up as her murderer."

"It was an accident of which you were the cause, and you are not her murderer."

"It is the Westmairs' fault—I have not done with them yet—I—I—"

"You don't care for Katie after all. She can hear your raving in her room, and it distresses her."

"Heaven forgive me!" he gasped; "she shall not hear another sound."

"You will go away now, and return in the morning?"

"No."

"You will not rob the Westmairs to benefit my father," I said again; "remember that that is Katie's dying wish."

He put his shaking hand into the breast-pocket of his coat, and produced a greasy leathern pocket-book tied round with string.

"The recipe is in here," he said, slowly; "and if she wishes it, I will not keep it from her."

"Give it to me."

"No!" he said, drawing back from my extended hand; "when she is dead, come for it. Oh, my God! when Kate Kirby is dead!"

He hid his face in the grass again, and broke into his old wild moans. Again I touched his shoulder.

"Remember that she will hear you," I said, before I left him.

It was at a later hour next night, and the stars were out in the dark sky as they had been when Abel Westmair brought me to my sister, when a low, hesitating knock apprised me of the visitor whom I had long expected. I opened the door—I had hastened down stairs to meet him, lest some one should abruptly scare him before I could have speech with him—and led my father into the farm-house parlor, where Martin sat in much the same despairing attitude as I had found him first.

Jonathan Kirby followed me, walking upon tiptoe cautiously, and with his face of a greenish hue with fear. He sat down on an old-fashioned sofa, fanned himself with his white hat, and looked piteously toward me.

"Don't tell me any thing, or every thing at once, but break it to me by degrees, my child," he said; "you can not imagine how very weak I am."

I did not answer. After all these years I knew but very little of my father, and I regarded him with surprise as he sat there shivering.

"Is that you, Martin?" he asked, glancing in the direction of the younger Westmair.

"Yes, it is my wretched self," muttered Martin; "don't talk to me. I can only add to your grief by every word."

"Then you may as well leave it to Faith to explain," said my father, with alacrity, "though she is a terribly outspoken girl. Now, then," he added, turning to me, "and please to bear in mind that any sudden shock may kill me on the spot. I may live for years with care, I have been informed by one of the most experienced men in the faculty, but if any sudden blow should fall upon me, I shall be off like the snuff of a candle. It's a shocking position, which I will ask you to respect along with my infirmities; and if she's dead—don't blurt it out at once, but give me time to prepare myself."

"She is not dead," I said.

"I am rejoiced to hear it; I am truly grateful," said my father; "now tell me how it happened, sparing me, of course, any sensational exaggeration to which the female mind is unfortunately prone. Your sister Kate never sufficiently considered how a very little shock would set my poor heart plunging awfully. You will do nothing rashly; you were always a cooler and calmer woman."

It was strange to watch my father's nervous care for himself, and to see how even Katie's critical condition stood a long way apart from his consideration for his own state. More generous men would have forgotten themselves in their anxiety for another's danger; but I had learned by this time that Jonathan Kirby was not generous.

I told him the story as considerately as I could—I had already by special messenger shadowed forth the truth, and urged him to be quick in coming to the farm—and he sat and listened with an effort, licking his thin lips nervously, and now and then putting his hands upon his heart, as if to make sure that its pulsations were not becoming too rapid and alarming. It was the first lengthy conversation that I had had with him in all my life. I had been too young before I went abroad, I had grown too old afterward, and there was the prison grating of Holloway prison between us and our confidence.

"It's very shocking," he said, in a preternaturally calm voice, "but you—and Martin Westmair—will excuse me if I repress emotion. I can not give way—I dare not luxuriate in one sob. Poor Katie! whatever will become of me after she is gone?"

I did not answer the question. I was more shocked at him than he was at his daughter's fate. I understood him now, and guessed how Katie's nature had been narrowed and rendered selfish by communion with him. This was the man for whom I had been champion, in whose honesty and noble character I had believed, against the damning facts that would have assured one more skeptical of what he really was. Not an unkind and cruel father to his girls, not forgetting them, perhaps, at any period of his life, but still shutting himself in his covetousness away from their hearts, and sinking himself fathoms deep in his own miserable scheming. Of late days he had altered very much—that was possible. Of late days his existence had been hanging by a thread, and he was not the man to sever the connection in his anxiety for lives more valuable than his own.

He was as sorry as he could be for Katie, but he could not risk his health by grieving for her.

"I don't see what is to become of me," he muttered again.

It was the one great problem which he was already trying to solve.

"Your future need not trouble you at present," I said, reproachfully; "when you are alone in the world, command my services."

"Thank you, Faith; I have been thinking of that; but—but you and I would never agree. The longer I live, the more assured I am of that fact. I must get a housekeeper to take care of me—a gentle, equable, and excessively cool housekeeper."

"Why do you weary us with your accursed selfishness?" cried Martin, indignantly; "have you forgotten that the dearest girl in the world is dying up stairs, that you sit there maundering about your wretched future?"

Jonathan Kirby jumped at this outburst of Martin, and spread his hands upon his chest.

"Don't shout at me; don't try to pick a quarrel with a frail worm whom a breath will destroy—don't be hasty, for mercy's sake!" cried my father.

"Go up and see your daughter," said Martin, scornfully.

"I will; I have come to see her; but I must have time to collect my nerves together; they're all over the place at present. Faith," he said, as he became more green and sickly, "I—I don't think that I can really see her to-night. I should be off before her to heaven if I did. Don't ask me; tell her not to ask me. I will come again to-morrow, as I'm a living man. I could not look at her to-night."

"She is not terrible to look at," I replied.

"Thank goodness!—but, no—I couldn't do it. She will not wish to see me, if you tell her that I am afraid. The coming of death is very awful, and it is one's daughter—one's favorite daughter who is going away like this, and I can't see her go. By God—no!" he cried, in excitement; then he remembered how bad excitement was for him, and checked himself, and sat back with his head among a forest of geraniums on the broad window-sill, very grave and rigid.

"I will tell her that you are here—and that I am of your opinion, it will be wiser for you not to see her."

"Thank you very much, Faith. I am sure that she will regard it in your light."

I left him after adjuring Martin not to reproach my father again, and went up stairs to Katie, where I told her how nervous our father was, how anxious about her, and yet how fearful that he should be unnerved in her presence.

"It is strange that Dick and he should be frightened of me," she said, with a little sigh; "but tell him that he had better keep away. He will be stronger to-morrow, and come here of his own accord."

"Yes, dear, perhaps he will."

"Will you tell him from me to live more wisely, more honestly for the future, Faith—as you would wish him to live? All will be well without further scheming—for all will be very bright in the world without me soon."

"No, no."

"I was only a poor schemer like my father, and I believed in my own wrongs, and in no one's rights," she murmured. "Presently, my Faith, you will live to teach him what is best. I seem to see the future very clearly for you all now—I hope I do," she added, more doubtfully.

"And you will think of your own, my dear, dear Katie, now."

"Hasn't the minister been here, and made me good?" she said, with a flash of her own strange satire—"there, there! forgive me," she added, "I am a better woman dying than ever I should have been in health. I have been weak and wilful, but He will forgive me for my penitence, I think. I am so very young to go away like this."

As I turned to her quickly, fearing that she was grieving very much, she said,

"Go down stairs—I want to speak to Martin now. Father will think you are neglecting him."

I complied with her request, and told Martin that Katie wished to see him. He left the room, and it was not till he had gone that I missed my father from his place by the window. The noise of bolts being withdrawn warned me that he was stealing away, and I hurried into the narrow passage, where I found him struggling with the fastenings.

"You were going away like this," I said, "not waiting for her message to you!"

"I was afraid, after all, that she would beg me to see her, and I am not equal to the ordeal," he said, plaintively; "I am not, indeed."

"Good-night, then," I said.

"Good-night, my dear—good-night. There are bolts enough here for Holloway," he muttered; "why do they fasten up in this absurd manner?"

"Let me open the door for you."

He stood back, and I unfastened the door and let in the cool night air, and with it the moaning of Dick Simmons, still lying on the grass without, and forgetful once more of his promise.

My father craned his neck forward, and peered into the darkness.

"What the devil's that?" he said.

"It is Richard Simmons."

"That black heap there—I thought it might be a mad dog," said my father. "Is he drunk?"

"He is hardly sober," I replied.

"Stay here a moment—keep the door open—I'll go and speak to him."

He crossed the path to the arable land, stepping over a small trench with lightness and buoyancy, and from my post I watched him nerv-

ously. I had too much thought for Kate to guess at once the motive for my father's questioning of the half-drunken, half-distraught creature lying there—but I saw that he was speaking hurriedly, and as I held the light above my head, I detected his right hand stealing toward the breast-pocket of Dick Simmons.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the January number of the *American Journal of Science* Professor VERRILL gives a detailed account of the researches prosecuted by him and his associates into the marine zoology of the Bay of Fundy and the adjacent region, in connection with the operations of Professor BAIRD, United States Commissioner of Fisheries. He remarks that the special subjects to which he and his immediate party directed their attention were: *First*, the exploration of the shore and shallow waters, for the purpose of obtaining the shore fauna and flora and studying the habits of the animals. *Second*, the extension of similar observations, by means of the dredge, trawl, tangle, etc., into the deepest waters of the Bay of Fundy. *Third*, the determination of the depth and temperature of the waters, and the preparation of lists of the animals and plants in special localities. *Fourth*, to investigate life on the surface of the waters, by means of hand and towing nets. *Fifth*, to preserve the specimens in the best manner, with a view of an exhaustive study of them hereafter and of distributing series to the museums throughout the country (after the National Museum and Yale College were supplied), thus involving the accumulation of large numbers of duplicates, filling many thousands of bottles. *Sixth*, the species of animals which could not be readily preserved for study were to be examined and described while living. Notes of this kind already made amount to over 1000 pages. *Seventh*, drawings were to be made of living animals, especially such as change their form in alcohol. For this object Mr. EMERTON, of Salem, was employed, who made more than 164 drawings from living animals. *Eighth*, the relation between the fishes and the lower animals which serve as their food was to be borne in mind. To this end the stomachs of a large number of fishes were to be examined, and lists made of their contents. *Ninth*, parasites, both external and internal, were to be collected and preserved for future study. *Tenth*, similar investigations were to be prosecuted on the Georges Banks, on the United States steamer *Bache*, in connection with her regular Coast Survey work.

For this purpose Professor PEIRCE, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, authorized the Commissioner of Fisheries to place on board two of his assistants: at first, Mr. S. I. SMITH and Mr. OSCAR HARGER, and afterward Dr. A. S. PACKARD, Jun., and Mr. CALEB COOKE, of Salem. All this was in addition to and independent of the researches carried on by Professor BAIRD and his immediate assistants in reference to the natural history of the fishes themselves.

Professor VERRILL remarks in his article that, as the result of these labors, at least 350 species, exclusive of foraminifera and entomostraca, were added to those known before he commenced his researches in this vicinity a few years ago. Many of these are undescribed; but the majority are known from Northern Europe. Four actinoid and three alcyanoid polyps were added to the list. Thirty-eight species of acalephs were added to those previously known from this region; ten species of *Echinoderms*. Ninety-five species of mollusca were also added, 125 of worms, and 100 of crustacea, exclusive of entomostraca and a large number of sponges.

Among the most interesting discoveries was that of a new species of *Octopus*, or cuttle-fish, found at a depth of 60 to 120 fathoms, in the Bay of Fundy. Of algæ about sixty-five species were enumerated, several of them entirely new to our coast.

A branch of the party was located for a time at Cape Porpoise, on the coast of Maine, and then changed its seat of operations to Grand Menan. This consisted of Professor H. E. WEBSTER, assisted by Mr. CHARLES POND, and both numerous and valuable collections were made by them.

The exploration of the Georges Banks was one of very great interest and importance, and the results accomplished would have been much larger had the steamer been able to give a longer time to the work. The explorers succeeded in obtaining one cast of the dredge in 430 fathoms—a deeper water than had ever been reached on our coast north of Florida. This was in north latitude 41° 25′, west longitude 65° 42′. The temperature of the air at the time was 66°, of the surface of the water 65°, of the bottom 51°. In this last case the temperatures were considerably higher than those observed in the Bay of Fundy, where the surface was 48°, and the bottom, about 100 fathoms, was 37½°. Off Cape Sable, at a depth of forty-five fathoms, the bottom temperature was about 35°, and that of the surface 56°.

Very interesting collections were also made on this expedition by means of the towing net, especially in north latitude 42° 3′, west longitude 63° 49′, the temperature of the water at the surface being 72°. The existence of powerful currents in the vicinity of the Georges was determined by the officers of the steamer, and the greatest depth indicated was 1800 fathoms, no bottom being reached on this occasion. How much lower the depth may be in that region it was impossible to determine; but as the work will probably be resumed another season by the Coast Survey, we hope to be placed in possession of the actual facts with all the details.

OSCAR SCHMIDT, the well-known writer upon the sponges, gives an interesting account of an exploration made by him in 1870 for the purpose of determining the natural history and physics of the Adriatic. His researches were prosecuted on board the *Trieste*, a war vessel belonging to the Austrian navy; and the results were of much interest and scientific value. Dr. SCHMIDT used two forms of dredges—one of the ordinary rectangular pattern, and the other with triangular frames. The triangular dredges had three instead of two bows for the ring to the rope, two of them being fastened together, while the other was joined to them by a somewhat thinner piece of rope, so that, in case of being hung, the fastening would give way and allow the dredge to be hauled up by one side. This form of dredge was found perfectly available down to a depth of 630 fathoms, especially when leaden weights of eighty pounds were attached in the angles. The dredge rope used was about the thickness of a man's thumb.

As far as temperatures were concerned, that of the deepest part of the gulf, with a surface temperature of 72½° F., was not below 59° to 50° F. Very little was observed in the way of currents, especially below one or two hundred fathoms. The deep waters of the Adriatic were found to be very poor in the higher forms of life, mainly, perhaps, in consequence of the absence of such currents as affect the deeper portions of the sea.

One of the most important results of the researches on board the *Trieste* was the discovery of *Bathybius* mud at a depth of from fifty fathoms downward. This was detected by its yellowish-gray color and its characteristic greasy nature, and in this were found a great variety of foraminifera, but almost nothing of the higher forms of life.

Dr. SCHMIDT was enabled, in consequence of his researches, to determine many interesting facts in regard to *Bathybius* and its associates, and to fix with greater precision than before their true nature. Among other results of his observations he was led to the conclusion that the coccoliths are independent living creatures, and not related at all to *Bathybius*, excepting in the way of association. A second organism, which he calls *Rhabdolith*, was met with, very closely resembling the coccoliths, and which tends to prove more satisfactorily the distinction between *Bathybius* and the coccoliths. The origin and significance of these objects are still far from being explained, but he is not willing to admit that the *Bathybius* protoplasm is the residue of other low organized creatures. Nor is it *protiston* or *moneron*, in the common acceptation of those terms, according to which all these simplest organisms have a limitation in space and a development. A living creature of unlimited extension is so contrary to our present notions of life and organization that our conceptions and ideas must first adapt themselves to it.

According to Mr. THOMSON, the Maoris (or the aboriginal population of New Zealand) were derived from Southern India at a time when the peninsula as well as the Indian Archipelago were peopled by negroes. In his opinion a stream of migration extended from the peninsula in both an eastern and western direction. Its movement eastward can be traced readily as far as the Moluccas, the race being modified in color, but not in language, by the incursions of the Mangians and Anamese. With the Moluccas as a basis, a stream of the mixed races flowed eastward from island to island, over Polynesia, one branch finding its way to New Zealand by the way of Tongataboo.

At the late Congress of Prehistoric Anthropology held at Brussels Mr. STEENSTRUP made a communication upon the peat bogs of Denmark, in which he remarked that these have been divided into three classes, according to the plants which have principally contributed to form the different layers—namely, the Skovmoser, or forests; the Kjaesmoser, or prairie bogs; and the Lyngmoser, or the bogs composed of moss or heath.

The Skovmoser are those which are of most interest, since we can find in them layers superimposed one upon another, which can even permit us to determine the epoch of the animals which have perished in the peaty mud. The layers found near the exterior are generally in the best condition, as they are usually in their natural position, having escaped the changes that have acted upon the centre. Here we find the remains most characteristic of the forest in the following order: first, the aspen (*Populus tremula*); second, the pine (*Pinus sylvestris*); third, the oak (*Quercus sessiliflora*); fourth, the alder (*Alnus glutinosa*); fifth, the beech (*Fagus sylvatica*). This last grows to-day throughout Denmark.

These facts have, of course, long been known; but quite lately NATHORST has found that beneath the layers already mentioned occurs an arctic flora, composed of *Betula nana*, *Dryas octopetala*, *Salix herbacea*, etc.; these latter deposits are not of fluvial origin, but have been formed by water filtering across the walls of the basin, and are all of a local vegetation, so that we have a local series of layers marking all the modifications of the Danish climate. The arctic flora corresponds to that of the southern boundary of Lapland, or that of the sea-level of Denmark. At present flint implements have only been collected in the layers of the *Pinus sylvestris*; but Mr. STEENSTRUP has found them in the layers of the arctic flora. He has found bones of the reindeer several times, but only in the lower layers. The moose occurs also both in these and in the upper layers.

An astronomical and meteorological observatory is about to be erected by the Russian government at Tashkend, in Central Asia, about 100 miles northwest of Khokan.

In the death of Professor J. W. MACQUORN RANKINE the department of civil engineering has lost a very important member. This gentleman was born at Edinburgh in 1820, and entered the profession as a pupil of his father. He received the Keith Medal of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1852 for his researches on the mechanical action of heat. He published from time to time numerous important memoirs and articles. His manual of applied mechanics to steam and other prime movers of machinery and mill-work has long ranked as a standard. His death took place on the 25th of December last.

The administration of the Royal Museum in Berlin has issued a circular intended to prevent the unnecessary destruction of coins and other valuable antiquities. In consequence of the impression that all such objects belong to the state, and would be seized upon if found, the discoverers have been in the habit of melting up silver articles for the sake of the bullion, or disposing of them furtively to the first comer, this resulting in the loss to the state of many important objects of antiquity.

The administration now gives notice that these objects are not claimed by the state, and that the full value will be paid, on information being rendered, and that if the offer is not satisfactory the holder is at liberty to reject it. In the same connection we learn that an order has been issued to the naval officers of the German government instructing them to pay some attention to such scientific items, particularly anthropological, as may come within their notice, and that the facts and collections thus secured may be transmitted to any scientific body in Germany.

NAPOLEON I. LYING IN STATE.

As a companion to the large picture on pages 152 and 153, we present on page 149 an illustration of the lying in state of the remains of NAPOLEON I. at St. Helena. After his death, which occurred on the 5th of May, 1821, the body was carefully examined by the physicians, and then prepared for burial. The *valet de chambre* dressed the Emperor as he was usually dressed in life, with white waistcoat and breeches, black cravat, long boots, and cocked hat. He was thus placed upon the bed in his small bedroom, which was hung in black. The cloak which he had worn at Marengo was spread over his feet. A silver crucifix was placed upon his chest. Behind his head was an altar, where the Abbé VIGRIALI stood reciting the prayers of the Church. During the afternoon of the 6th and the whole of the 7th an unending procession passed slowly and solemnly through the room to look for the last time upon the lifeless remains, and on the following day the burial took place.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

VARIOUS reports have been recently circulated in regard to changes in the method of instruction at Harvard University. Statements have been made in newspapers generally to the effect that the college authorities had abolished the system of compulsory attendance upon recitations and lectures, and that morning prayers in the chapel had been finally given up. Some mention was lately made in these columns of these supposed changes. But it now appears, according to Boston papers, that rumor has, as is often the case, made a little mistake. There have been no exercises in the chapel, it is true, for several months, but this was only because the chapel was undergoing repairs and improvements, and not from an abandonment of previous usages. It is believed that the college authorities intend to make an entire change in the present method of instruction, and adopt a system similar to that used in universities in Germany, but that this change can not be made immediately with advantage.

In the New Sweden settlement, in Maine, there are now one hundred good houses and eighty-eight barns, and all the lots have from five to twenty acres cleared. The colony has two steam-mills for the manufacture of shingles, and a saw-mill on Caribou stream. The expense to the State has been $20,308, and the colony has repaid $4278 by work on roads, leaving the expense of the settlement to the State at $16,030, which the settlers will steadily repay in work on the State roads. Thirty miles of roads have been cut through the woods and made passable. The Swedes are prized in all parts of the State as faithful and intelligent workmen.

A report has been made by General Babcock, as engineer in charge of public buildings and grounds at Washington, to the effect that the Executive Mansion is damp and unwholesome, and needs constant repair. It is also destitute of what are termed modern improvements, and is insufficient for its uses. The first floor is used almost exclusively for public purposes, and on the second floor there are several business offices. General Babcock asserts that there are hundreds of private residences in Washington more commodious and suitable for a gentleman's family than the White House.

Some writer having rashly asserted that nothing was certainly known concerning the author of the famous *Mother Goose's Melodies*, he is assured by a correspondent of the Providence *Journal* that Mother Goose is by no means a myth, but a veritable personage. She belonged to a wealthy family in Boston, where her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by Cotton Mather, in 1715, to Thomas Fleet, editor of the Boston *Weekly Rehearsal*. When good Mrs. Goose, who was herself the mother of nineteen children, found grandchildren growing up about her, she broke into a flood of nursery ditties, and her son-in-law collected and printed them with the title, "*Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children.* Printed by T. Fleet, at his printing-house, Pudding Lane, Boston. Price ten coppers."

Camden House belongs to an Englishman who professes great devotion to the imperial family. It is said that by the lease he reserved for himself one room in the upper story, into which he quietly slipped from time to time, happy in the chance of meeting one of the exiles. The house is comfortable, and even elegant, but modest in dimensions.

It is well to follow the mandates of Dame Fashion to a certain extent, when they are not injurious to health or absolutely opposed to good taste. It does not show good sense to persist in wearing garments so old-fashioned as to attract attention; neither is it sensible or in good taste to adopt the extreme of a fashion, especially if that fashion is, to say the least, of doubtful beauty. For example, many ladies are apparently unconscious of the ridicule to which they expose themselves by their absurd use of monstrous panniers. This addition to dress can scarcely be called "a thing of beauty" in itself, and when affixed in its appointed place it sometimes produces a most ludicrous effect, and often positively deforms the human figure. Why can not ladies of really good taste show it by following fashion in such moderation that they can be distinguished from those who, destitute of taste themselves, are forced blindly to adopt every style, or to follow the dictates of their dress-makers? Especially for the street should such costumes be discarded as will render one conspicuous. A true lady never will desire to attract the gaze of rude eyes in public places.

For sixteen years the Charity Ball has been a prominent event among the festivities of this city. Fashion and charity therein unite to give substantial aid to the Nursery and Child's Hospital. The seventeenth annual ball took place at the Academy of Music on February 4, and was, as it has always been, an occasion of great pleasure to all who participated in the festivities. It is doubtless well known to many of our readers that the hospital for the benefit of which this ball is given is designed as an asylum for the infants of those whose daily avocations compel them to forego maternal duties, and as a shelter for distressed women of every class and creed. There unfortunate mothers may find the help and encouragement they need, and young children receive the tender care which so many lack.

The extent of the recent inundations of the River Seine may be reckoned from the estimate made by a Frenchman of undoubted accuracy that by it 12,000 drowned rats have been swept into the sea!

Mr. Tinsley, editor of a well-known English magazine, and publisher of numerous novels, is said to have worked as a farmer's boy before he was twelve years old, and to have received his education at a cheap national school. Industry and energy generally bring their own reward—success.

The test of a "real gentleman" is a curious one in these modern times. A restaurant waiter was brought into one of our courts for examination, and the following testimony was given:

"What is your name?"

"Robert Flunky, Sir."

"Well, Mr. Flunky, you say the defendant is no gentleman. What makes you think so?"

"'Cause, Sir, he always says 'Thank you' when I hand him a mutton-chop, or even a bit of bread. Now a real gentleman never does this, but hollers out, 'Here, John, give me a mutton-chop, or I'll shy this pepper-box at your head.' You can't deceive me with a gentleman, your worship. 'Cause why, I've associated with too many of 'em at the race-course."

After many plans and promises which have not amounted to any thing, it now seems certain that a wagon-road will this year be made into the Yosemite Valley. The new road will begin at Hazel Green, twenty-six miles above Coulterville, and will pursue a southeasterly and easterly route along the sides or bottom of the Merced Cañon to the Bridal Veil Falls, a distance of but eighteen miles. Many of the miles in the Yosemite region are very long ones, but this distance is given from actual chain measurement. The grades will all be easy; the heaviest will be but fifteen feet in each one hundred, and will have a length of but three-fourths of a mile. On the 1st of June last there were seven feet of snow on one of the elevated portions of the road to Yosemite; but the new road, by following the Merced Cañon and its lower grades, and taking the sunny side, where the snow never lies, will render travel into the valley possible at all seasons, and that in stages all the way. Hundreds who had not the courage to go on horseback, and still less courage to face the steep trails heretofore used in going into Yosemite, can this year make the trip and escape both. The road is expected to be completed in season for summer travel.

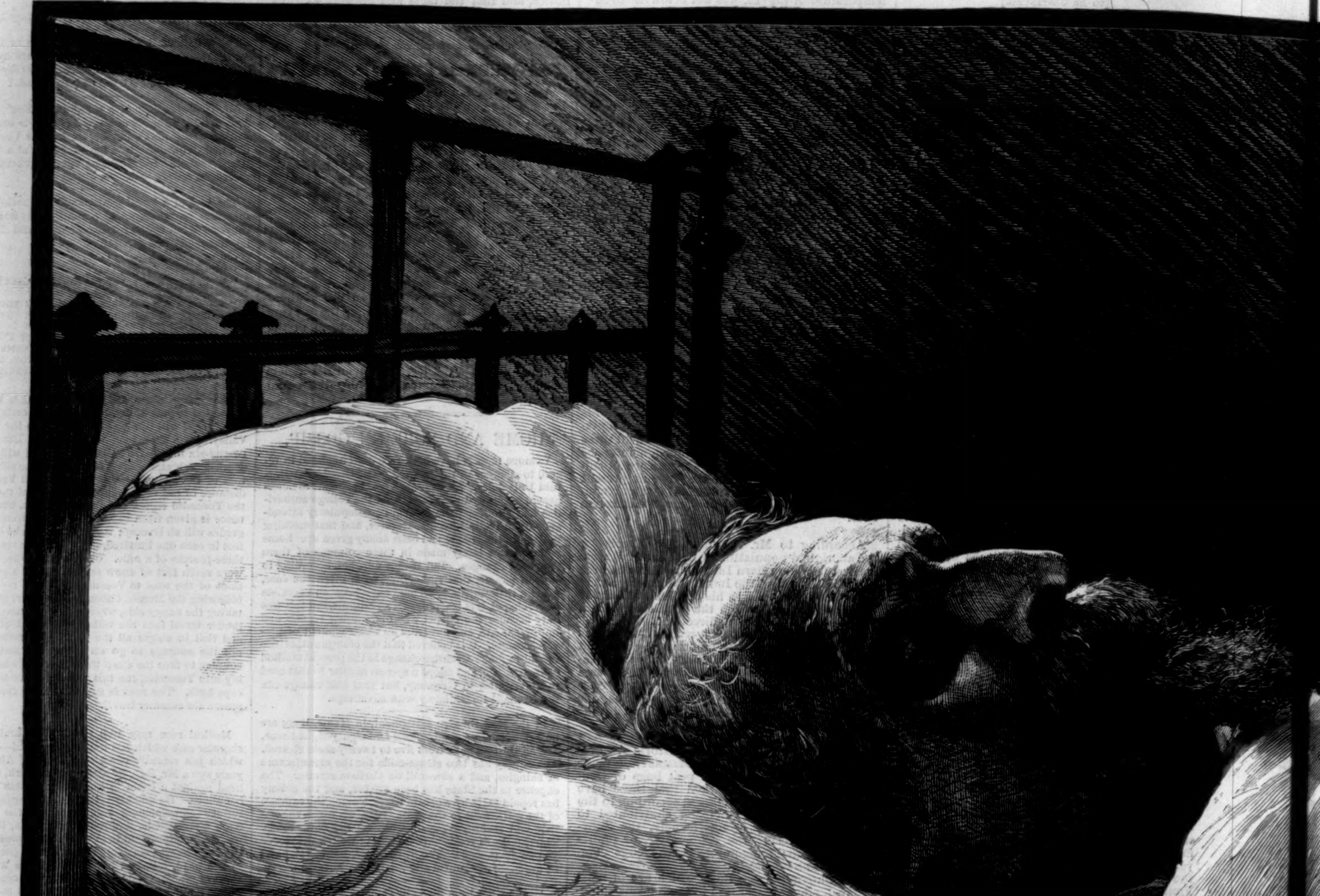
Medical men may well puzzle their brains over a singular case which has recently occurred—or rather, which has recently come to a climax. About three years ago a Mr. Hall, of Elmira, New York, struck his head against a beam in his barn, and was made unconscious. He quickly recovered, and apparently no serious consequences resulted from the accident. Soon afterward he removed to Scranton, Pennsylvania, where he engaged in mercantile business. A short time ago he was suddenly seized with a peculiar pain in his head, followed by violent spasms which continued for some hours. When these had ceased he obtained a quiet night's rest; but the next morning his actions greatly puzzled his friends, who finally discovered that his memory from the date of the accident in Elmira was entirely gone. Time was a blank to him during those three years. He recognized his wife and oldest child, but two children born within the three years were as strangers to him. In a few days his mental and physical vigor returned, but the singular gap in his memory remained. Mr. Hall could scarcely be made to believe his own condition, but all efforts to awaken some recollection of that blank space of time seemed in vain. Hopes are entertained, however, that memory will in some way be restored.

Germany proposes a school reform in the matter of using slates. It is urged that they are noisy, hurtful to the eyes, and help to form a bad handwriting. A substitute is proposed—an elastic, light, paper affair, on which ink can be used, and from which it can be removed easily. That is good, so far, but can the ink also be easily removed from the hands and clothes of the unskillful little users?

A novel invention is now on exhibition in San Francisco, by which an intense heat may be obtained at a trifling cost. It consists of burning streams of hydrogen and oxygen gases, by which a degree of heat is produced unattainable by ordinary means. It is in the application of the principle of the oxy-hydrogen flame and the manner of eliminating the hydrogen from disintegrated steam that the value of the invention consists. The inventor has for many years been engaged upon the problem of utilizing the hydrogen contained in water, and producing a heat that should be the most intense known, and at the same time not exceed in cost the heat-producers now in use.

Last year was a famous one for corn. Never before was there so heavy a crop in the United States. The *Agricultural Report* states that the total amount was 1,100,000,000 bushels. The corn, also, was of unusually good quality.

The *Court Journal* gives a singular account of a servant-girl who seems to have acquired such a relish for pins and needles as to be unable to resist the temptation to swallow them. Apparently she has a constant craving for this unusual diet. Once, when hanging out some clothes to dry, she accidentally swallowed a quantity of pins she kept in her mouth. Some unpleasant symptoms appearing, she went to a hospital, whence, after vomiting twenty-eight pins, she returned to service. After a while the former symptoms returned. She was sent again to the hospital, and there no less than seventy-eight pins and sixteen needles have been taken from her body. The greater part of these she vomited, but some were taken out through her skin on different parts of her person. The needles in particular indicated a decided inclination to wander through the body, several being taken out about the face, neck, and arms. One was taken out below the ear, with a long thread after it, and another came out in three pieces, the broken parts following close in each other's wake. The pins included a large one, nearly the size of a darning-needle, and a "safety" one,

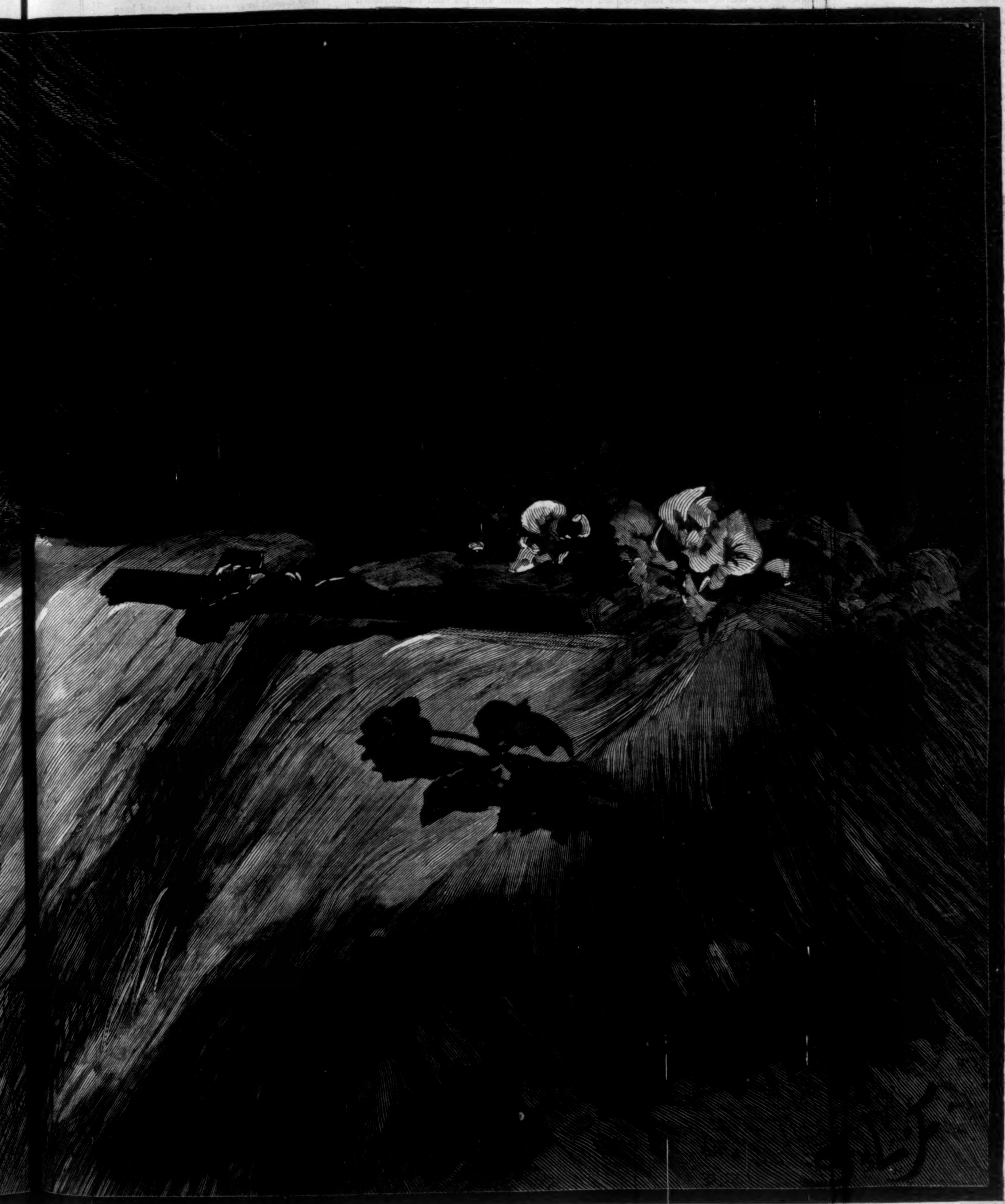


Drawn by S. L. Fildes.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON

BORN AT THE TUILERIES, APRIL 20, 1808 AT

"Once the Embassadors waited in anxiety for a word from those lips. Once Europe could hold



Photographed by Messrs. W. & D. Downey.

...OL...ON III. AFTER DEATH.

...20, 1808 ... AT CHISELHURST, JANUARY 9, 1873.

"...e could ... hold Cæsar and his fortunes; and now, a narrow room, a narrow bed, a narrow coffin."

THE INDIAN MAIDEN AND INFANT IMAGE.

'Tis an Indian virgin worthy,
In her gentle form and face,
With a voice of sweet, low music,
Of that hopeful Pimo race:
Smiles before her a boy baby,
Lovely in its strength and grace,
By the far-off Colorado.

Earnestly she strives to model
Him in native valley clay,
And through all the tender striving
Softly sings a sacred lay,
And it breathes a loved tradition
Held in centuries away,
By the mighty Colorado.

Beautiful that old tradition,
That if any virgin's hand
Ever should succeed in moulding,
While by summer breezes fanned,
A boy infant's perfect image,
Paradise would wrap the land
Peopled by the Colorado.

For at once by the Great Spirit
It would be endowed with life,
Grow, and Him there representing,
Stand in good divinely rife;
Of the tribe the leader, savior,
Rainbow love and bury strife,
By the glad, broad Colorado.

He would banish want and sorrow;
Not a demon could prevail;
Human foes could never triumph;
Rain and food could never fail;
And by faith in him their spirits
Would at last to heaven sail,
From the earthly Colorado.

Yes, it is a sweet tradition!
Virgins now for long, long time
Have made models of the infants,
Yet make, hoping that their clime,
By success of some pure maiden,
Would redemption have sublime,
On the happy Colorado.

Yea, it is a grand tradition,
Born of what the Human feels!
Yet may the true Incarnation,
Long ago brought on Time's wheels,
Save the Pimo with its rainbow,
Hushed forever thunder-peals,
On the Christ-child's Colorado!

William Ross Wallace.

NAPOLEON III. LYING IN STATE.

The lying in state of the remains of the late Napoleon III. took place on the 14th ult. in the picture-gallery of the Camden House, at Chiselhurst. The sky-light had been covered over with one large tricolored flag, entirely excluding the light of day. The apartment, of which the dimensions in any direction did not exceed thirty feet, was draped with black cloth. In the centre of the background was a large white cross, and on either side a large N, surmounted by an imperial crown, the same letter being thrice repeated on both sides. At each side of the chapel were stationed one silver candelabra holding eight candles, and four candlesticks four feet high; also a massive candle of nearly the same height. In the centre, under the sky-light, stood the coffin, raised at an angle of about twenty degrees, so that the entire body could be cursorily seen from head to foot. The rim of the coffin was surmounted by a frame of yellow frilled silk, the delicate color of which stood out on the white satin with which the coffin was lined, and on the deep violet velvet pall which flowed round about it, and lay in heavy folds on the floor. At the foot of the coffin there lay a heap of *immortelle* wreaths, which had been deposited there in the morning, and the number of which was considerably increased during the day. A wreath of violets with the letter N in the centre rested on the feet. The dead Emperor was dressed in the uniform which he wore at Sedan, with the addition of the golden epaulets of his military rank, and the scarf of the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, the *plaque* and cross of the same order, the military medal, and the medal of Italy on his breast. His sword and the Order of the Garter lay by his side in the coffin. The attitude was one with the hands slightly crossed and the head not raised. At the head of the coffin was placed a massive golden crucifix, by the side of which burned two candles. The priests in attendance were the Abbé Metaire and the Abbé Laine, who were engaged in prayer behind the head of the coffin, where a *priedieu* covered with crape was placed on each side. Father Goddard and Monseigneur Bauer were in attendance at the foot. The officers of the imperial household had undertaken to be in attendance at the side of the coffin in fours, relieving each other every half hour.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning Prince Napoleon, Prince Achille Murat, Prince Louis Lucien, Prince Charles Bonaparte, and the Duc de Mouchy waited upon his imperial highness for the purpose of conducting him to view the body of the deceased Emperor. The Prince, who had been apprised of the coming ceremonial, was ready, and, attended by General Espenilles, Count Clary, and M. Filon, he at once accompanied his relatives to Camden House. On arriving there his imperial highness repaired to the great drawing-room, where he remained conversing with his relatives until the approach of the Prince of Wales was announced. His royal highness, who had come from London by special train, was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, and attended by Lord Sydney, Hon. W. Colville, Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis, Hon. Eliot Yorke, and Mr. F. Knollys. On arrival at the drawing-room window, through which those who visited the lying in state were presently to enter, the Prince of Wales was met by the Prince Imperial, who was followed by the whole of the Bonaparte family. The meeting was of a very solemn and impressive character. Embracing the son of the late Emperor, the Prince of Wales tenderly saluted him, and then, walking slowly into the drawing-room, remained for several minutes closeted with the Prince Imperial, Prince Napoleon, Prince Achille Murat, Prince Charles, and the Duke of Edinburgh. At length the door opened, and the Prince of Wales, together with his royal brother and attendants, stepped into the hall, and, conducted by the Duc de Bassano (Grand Chamberlain of the Empire) and the Duc de Cambacérès (Grand Master of Ceremonies), proceeded to view the body of the departed Emperor. For a few minutes the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh stood reverently in front of the coffin, all the other distinguished personages present being slightly in the rear. Solemn silence was maintained until their royal highnesses, bowing to the body, passed onward to the grand staircase, and proceeded to visit the Empress.

Meanwhile upward of 10,000 persons were besieging the gates, eager to press in and view the body of the dead ex-Emperor. After some delay these were gratified, and at seven in the evening the doors were finally closed. The admirable double-page illustration which is given in this number is a striking representation of the solemn scene, not soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"Je ne voudrais pas, si j'étais Julie,
N'être que jolie
Avec ma beauté.
Jusqu'au bout des doigts je serais duchesse.
Comme ma richesse
J'aurais ma fierté."

Elizabeth, having in a manner pledged herself to a career of worldly-mindedness, to begin in the ensuing spring, deemed herself at liberty to follow her own inclinations in the interim, and these inclinations pointed to the kind of life which Malcolm Forde wished her to lead. She went back to her district work on the morning after the curate's visit, put on her Puritan hat and sober gray Carmelite gown, which seemed to her mind the whole armor of righteousness, and went back to her people. She was welcomed back with an affection that at once surprised and touched her. She had done so little for them—only treating them and thinking of them as creatures of the same nature as herself—and yet they were so grateful and so fond of her.

So Elizabeth went back to what Gertrude called her "duties," and the soul of Aunt Chevenix was heavy within her. That lady had cherished high hopes upon the subject of this lovely niece of hers. A perfect beauty in a family is a fortune in embryo. There was no knowing what transcendent heights in the vast mountain range of "good society" such a girl as Elizabeth might scale, dragging her kith and kin upward with her, provided she were but plastic in the hands of good advisers. To scheme, to plan, to diplomatize, were natural operations of the Chevenix mind. A childless widow with a comfortable income and a somewhat extended circle of acquaintance could hardly spend all her existence with no more mental pabulum than a fan and a scent-bottle and the trivial amenities of polite life. Mrs. Chevenix's intellect must have lapsed into stagnation but for the agreeable employment afforded by social diplomacy. She knew every thing about every body, kept a mental ledger in which she registered all the little weaknesses of her acquaintance, and had even a journal wherein a good deal of genteel scandal was booked in pen and ink. But although by no means essentially good-natured, she was not a mischief-maker, and no unfriendly criticism or lady-like scandal had ever been brought home to her. She was, on the other hand, renowned as a peace-maker: and if she had a fault, it was a species of amiable officiousness, which some of her acquaintance were inclined inwardly to resent. Malign tongues had called Mrs. Chevenix a busybody; but in the general opinion she was a lady of vivacious and agreeable manners, who gave snug little dinners, and elegant little suppers after concerts and operas, and was a fine figure for garden-parties, or a spare seat at the dinner-table: a lady who had done some good service in the way of match-making, and who exercised considerable influence over the minds of divers young matrons whom she had assisted in the achievement of their matrimonial successes.

It seemed a hard thing that, after having been so useful an ally to various damsels who were only the protégées of the hour, Mrs. Chevenix's diplomatic efforts in relation to her own nieces should result in utter failure. She had never hoped very much from Gertrude, who had that air of being too good for this world which is of all things the most repellent to sinful man. Still, she had done her best bravely, and with the sublime patience engendered by profound experience of this mundane sphere, its difficulties and disappointments. She had exhibited her seriously minded niece at charity bazars, at déjeuners given after the inauguration of church organs, at choir festivals, and even—with a noble sacrifice of personal inclination—at Sunday-school tea-drinkings, orphanage fêtes, and other assemblages of what this worldly-minded matron called the goody-goody school. She had angled for popular preachers, for rectors and vicars, the value of whose benefices she had looked up in the Clergy list; but she had cast her lines in vain. The popular preachers, crying from their pulpits that all is vanity, were yet caught, moth-like, by the flame of worldly beauties, and left Gertrude to console herself with the calm contemplation of her own virtues, and the conviction that they were somewhat too lofty for the appreciation of vulgar clay. It had happened thus that with the advent of Malcolm Forde the eldest Miss Luttrell fancied that she had at last met the elect and privileged individual predoomed to sympathize with and understand her—the man in whose broad forehead she at once recognized the apostolic grace, and who, she fondly hoped, would hail in her the typical maiden of the church primitive and undefiled, the Dorcas or Lydia of modern civilization. It had been a somewhat bitter disappointment, therefore, to discover that Mr. Forde, although prompt with the bestowal of his confidence and friendship, was very slow to exhibit any token of a warmer regard. Surely he, so different in every attribute from all former curates, was not going to resemble them in their foolish worship at the shrine of Elizabeth. So long as this damsel had stuck to her accustomed line of worldliness, Gertrude had scarcely trembled; but when her younger sister all of a sudden subdued her somewhat reckless spirit and took to district visiting, Miss Luttrell's heart sank within her. She had no belief in the reality of this conversion. It was a glaring and bold-faced attempt at the curate's subjugation, to bend that stiff neck beneath the yoke which had been worn so patiently by the flute-playing, verse-quoting Levites of the past. And Gertrude did not hesitate to express herself in somewhat bitter phrases to that effect.

When Diana came to Eaton Square for the season the hopes of Aunt Chevenix rose higher. The second Miss Luttrell was decidedly handsome in the aquiline-nose style, and was as decidedly stylish; wore her country-made gowns with an air which made them pass for the handicraft of a West End mantua-maker, dressed her own hair with a skill which would have done credit to an experienced lady's-maid, and seemed altogether an advantageous young person for whom to labor. Yet Diana's season, though brightened by many a hopeful ray, had been barren of results. Perhaps these girls in their aunt's house were too obviously "on view." Mrs. Chevenix's renown as a match-maker may have gone against them; her past successes may have induced this present failure. And if Gertrude erred on the side of piety, Diana possibly went a thought too far in the matter of worldliness. She was clever and imitative, and caught up the manners of more experienced damsels with a readiness that was perhaps too ready. She had perhaps a trifle too much confidence in herself, too much of the *veni, vidi, vici* style; went into battle with "an opera-box and a house in Hyde Park Gardens" blazoned on her banner; and after suffering the fitful fever of high hopes that alternate with blank despair, Diana was fain to go back to Hawleigh Rectory without being able to boast of any definite offer.

But with Elizabeth Mrs. Chevenix told herself things would be utterly different. She possessed that rare beauty which always commands attention. She was as perfect in her line as those heaven-born winners of Derby, Oaks, and Leger, which, in their performances as two-year-olds, proclaim themselves at once the conquerors of the coming year. Fairly good-looking girls were abundant enough every season, just as fairly good horses abound at every sale of yearlings throughout the sporting year; but there was as much difference between Elizabeth Luttrell and the common herd of pretty girls—all more or less dependent on the style of their bonnets or the dressing of their hair for their good looks—as between the fifty-guinea colt, whose good points excite vague hopes of future merit in the breast of the speculative buyer, and a lordling of a crack stable, with a pedigree half a yard long, knocked down for two or three thousand guineas to some magnate of the turf, amidst the applause of the auction-yard.

"Elizabeth can not fail to marry well, unless she behaves like an idiot, and throws herself away upon some pauper curate," said Mrs. Chevenix. "There is no position to which a girl with her advantages may not aspire—and I shall make it my business to give her plenty of opportunities—unless she is obstinately bent upon standing in her own light. This district-visiting business must be put a stop to immediately. It is nothing more than an excuse for flirting with that tall curate."

Mrs. Chevenix was not slow to warn her brother, the vicar, of this peril which menaced his handsomest daughter; but he, who was the easiest-tempered and least designing of mankind, received her information with a provoking coolness.

"I really can't see how I could object to Lizzie's visiting the poor," he said. "It has always been a trouble to me that my daughters, with the exception of Gertrude, have done so little. If Forde has brought about a better state of things in this matter, as he has in a good deal besides, I don't see that I can complain of the improvement because it is his doing. And I don't think you need alarm yourself with regard to any danger of love-making or matrimony between those two. Forde has somewhat advanced notions, and doesn't approve of a priest marrying. He has almost said as much in the pulpit, and I think the Hawleigh girls have left off setting their caps at him."

"Men are not always constant to their opinions," said Mrs. Chevenix. "I wouldn't give much for any declaration Mr. Forde may have made in the pulpit. Very bad taste in him to advance any opinion of that kind, I think, when his vicar is a married man and the father of a family."

"Forde belongs to the new school," replied Mr. Luttrell, with his indifferent, good-natured air. "Perhaps he sometimes sails a trifle too near the wind in the matter of asceticism; but he's the best curate I ever had."

"Why doesn't he go over to Rome, and have done with it!" exclaimed Aunt Chevenix, angrily; "I have no patience with such a wolf in sheep's clothing. And I have no patience with you, Wilmot, when I see your handsomest daughter throwing herself away before your eyes."

"But I don't see any thing of the kind, Maria," said the vicar, gently rolling his fingers round a cigar which he meant to smoke in the orchard as soon as he should escape from his tormentor. "As to playing the spy upon my children—watching their flirtations with Jones, or speculating upon their penchant for Robinson—I think you ought to know by this time that I am the very last of men to do any thing of that kind."

"Which means in plain English that you are too selfish and too indifferent to trouble yourself about the fate of your daughters. You ought to have had sons, Wilmot; young scape-graces, who would have ruined you with university debts, or gone on the turf, and dragged your name through the mire in that way."

"I have not been blessed with sons," murmured Mr. Luttrell, in his laziest tone. "If I had been favored in that way, so soon as they arrived at an eligible age I should have exported them. I should have obtained a government grant of land in Australia or British Columbia, and planted them out. I consider emigration the natural channel for the disposal of surplus sons."

"You ought never to have married, Wilmot. You ought to have been one of those dreadful abbots one reads of, who had trout streams running through their kitchens, and devoted all the strength of their minds to eating and drinking, and actually wallowed in venison and larded capons."

"Those ancient abbots had by no means a bad time of it, my dear," replied the vicar, with supreme good humor, "and they had plenty of broken victuals to feed their poor with, which I have not."

"I want to know what you are going to do about Elizabeth," said Mrs. Chevenix, rapping the table with her fan, and returning to the charge in a determined manner.

"What I am going to do about Elizabeth, my love? Simply nothing. Would you have me lock her up in the Norman tower, like a princess in a fairy tale, so that she should not behold the face of man till I chose to introduce her to a husband of my own selection? All the legendary lore we possess tends to show the futility of that sort of domestic tyranny. I consider your apprehensions altogether premature and groundless; but if it is Lizzy's destiny to marry Malcolm Forde, I shall not interfere. He is a very good fellow, and he has some private means, sufficient, at any rate, for the maintenance of a wife: what more could I want?"

"And you would sacrifice such a girl as Elizabeth to a Scotch curate?" said Mrs. Chevenix, with the calmness of despair. "I always thought you were the most short-sighted of mortals; but I did not believe you capable of such egregious folly as this. That girl might be a duchess."

"Find me a duke, my dear Maria, and I will not object to him for my son-in-law."

Mrs. Chevenix sighed, and shook her head with a despondent air; and Mr. Luttrell strolled out to the orchard, leaving her to bewail his folly in confidential converse with Diana, who in a manner represented the worldly wisdom of the family.

"I wouldn't make such a fuss about Lizzie, if I were you, auntie," that young lady remarked, somewhat coolly. "I never knew a girl about whom her people made too much fuss, setting her up as a beauty, and so on, do any thing wonderful in the way of marriage."

Like the eyes of the lynx, in his matchless strength of vision, were the eyes of Aunt Chevenix for any sentimental converse between Elizabeth and Mr. Forde. It tortured her to know that they must needs have many opportunities of meeting outside the range of that keen vision—chance encounters in the cottages of the poor, or in the obscure lanes and alleys that fringed the chief street of Hawleigh. Vainly had she endeavored to cajole her niece into the abandonment of those duties she had newly resumed. All her arguments, her flatteries, her ridicule, her little offerings of ribbons and laces and small trinketry, were wasted. After that visit of Malcolm Forde's the girl was constant to her work.

"It is such a happiness to feel that I can be of some use in the world, auntie," she said, unconsciously repeating Mr. Forde's very words; "and if you had seen how pleased all those poor souls were to see me among them again, you would hardly wonder at my liking the work."

"A tribe of sycophants!" exclaimed Mrs. Chevenix, contemptuously. "I should like to know what value they'd attach to your visits, or how much civility they'd show you, if there were not tea and sugar and coals and blankets in the background. And I should like to know how long you'd stick to your work if Mr. Forde had left Hawleigh?"

Elizabeth flamed crimson at this accusation, but was not of a temper to be silenced by a hundred Chevenixes.

"Perhaps I might not like the work without his approval," she said, defiantly; "but I hope I should go on with it all the same. I am not at all afraid to confess that his influence first set me thinking; that it was to please him I first tried to be good."

"I am not an ultra-religious person, Elizabeth; but I should call that setting the creature above the Creator," said Mrs. Chevenix, severe-

ly. To which Lizzie muttered something that sounded like "Fiddle-sticks."

"What else is there for me to do, I should like to know?" the girl demanded, contemptuously, after an interval of silence, Mrs. Chevenix having retired within herself in a dignified sulkiness. "Is there any amusement, or any excitement, or any distraction in our life in this place to hinder my devoting myself to these people?"

This speech was somewhat reassuring to Mrs. Chevenix; she inferred therefrom that if Elizabeth had had any thing more agreeable to do she would not have become a district visitor.

"You have a fine voice, which you might cultivate to your future profit," she said; "a girl who sings really well is likely to make a great success in society."

"I understand. One gets asked out to entertain other people's friends; and one is not paid like a professional singer. I like music well enough, aunt; but you can't imagine I could spend half my existence in shrieking sol fas, even if papa would tolerate the noise. I am sure, what with one and another of us, the piano is jingling and clattering all day as it is. Papa and the servants must execrate the sound of it: Blanche, with her *études de vélocité*, and Di with her everlasting fugues and sonatas—it's something abominable."

"You might have a piano in your tower bedroom, my dear. I wouldn't mind making you a present of a cottage."

"Thanks, auntie. Let it be a real cottage, then, instead of a cottage piano—against I set up that love-in-a-cottage you seem so much afraid of."

"Upon my word, Elizabeth, I can never make you out," said Mrs. Chevenix, plaintively. "Sometimes I think you are a thoroughly sensible girl, and at other times you really appear capable of any absurdity."

"Don't be frightened, auntie. It rather amuses me to see your awe-stricken look when I say any thing peculiarly wild. But you need have no misgivings about me. I am worldly-minded to the tips of my nails, as the French say; and I am perfectly aware that I am rather good-looking, and ought to make an advantageous marriage; only the eligible suitor is a long time appearing. Perhaps I shall meet him next spring in Eaton Square. As to Mr. Forde, he is quite out of the question. I know all about his past life, and know that he is a confirmed bachelor."

"Your confirmed bachelors are a very dangerous race, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Chevenix, sententiously. "They contrive to throw families off their guard by their false pretenses, and generally end by marrying a beauty or an heiress. But I trust you have too much common-sense to take up with a man who can barely afford to keep you."

By such small doses of worldly wise counsel did Mrs. Chevenix strive to fortify her niece against the peril of Malcolm Forde's influence. Her sharp eye had discovered something more than common kindliness in the curate's bearing toward Elizabeth—something more than a mere spirit of contradiction in the girl's liking for him. But it was early days yet, she told herself, and the tender sprout of passion might, by a little judicious management, be nipped in the bud. She would not even wait for the coming spring, she thought, but would carry off Elizabeth with her when she went back to town a little before Christmas. She had intended to spend that social season in a hospitable Wiltshire manor-house; but that visit might be deferred. Any thing was better than to leave her niece exposed to the perilous influence of Malcolm Forde.

Again and again had she made a mental review of the tritons in the matrimonial market; or, rather, of those special tritons who might be brought within the narrow waters of her own drawing-room, or could be encountered at will in that wider sea of society to which she had free ingress. There was Sir Rockingham Pendarvis, the rich Cornish baronet, whom it had been her privilege to meet at the dinner-parties of her own particular set, and who might be fairly counted upon for daily tea-drinking and occasional snug little dinners. There was Mr. Maltby, the great distiller, who had lately inherited a business popularly estimated at a hundred thousand a year. There was Mr. Miguel Zamires, the financier, with a lion's share in the public funds of various nations, aquiline-nosed and olive-skinned, speaking a peculiar Spanish-English with a somewhat guttural accent. These three were the mighty argosies that sailed upon society's smooth ocean; but there were numerous craft of smaller tonnage whereof Mrs. Chevenix kept a record, and any one of which would be a prize worth boarding.

Inscrutable are the decrees of the gods. While this diplomatic matron was weaving her web for the next London season—even planning her little dinners, reckoning the expenses of the campaign, resolving to do things with a somewhat lavish hand, Fate brought a nobler prize than any she had dared to dream of winning, and landed it, without effort of her own, at her feet.

CHAPTER VIII.

"He never saw, never before to-day,
What was able to take his breath away,
A face to lose youth for, to occupy age
With the dream of, meet death with—"

IT was early in November, and Mrs. Chevenix had been at the Vicarage a month—a month of inexorable dullness, faintly relieved by a couple of provincial dinner-parties, at which the Hawleigh pastor assembled round his well-furnished board a choice selection of what were called the best people in the neighborhood. But the best people seemed somewhat dismal company to Mrs. Chevenix, who cared for no society that lacked the real London flavor—the bouquet of Hyde Park and the Clubs. She was beginning to pine for the racier talk of her own peculiar set, for the small luxuries of her own establishment, when an event occurred which in a moment transformed Hawleigh, and rendered it just the most delightful spot upon this lower sphere.

She had gone to church with her nieces one Sunday morning in by no means a pleasant humor, captiously disposed rather, and inclined to hold forth about their papa's peculiarities and their own short-comings in a strain which Elizabeth openly resented, and the other girls inwardly rebelled against.

"If I had been as cross as Aunt Chevenix is this morning in my nursery days, I should have been told that I'd got up on the wrong side of my bed," said Blanche, walking with Diana in the rear of the matron. "I suppose it wouldn't do for us mildly to suggest to auntie that she must have got up on the wrong side of her bed this morning; it might seem out of keeping."

"I wonder you stop with us, if our society is so very unpleasant, aunt," said Elizabeth, boldly.

"You ungrateful girl! You ought to know that I am staying in this relaxing climate, at the hazard of my own health, simply in order to interpose my influence between you and destruction."

Elizabeth greeted this reproach with a scornful laugh, even at the gate of the church-yard.

"You foolish auntie! you surely don't suppose that your presence here would prevent my doing any thing I wished to do; that the mere dead-weight of your worldly wisdom would quench the fire of my impulses?" she said.

They were within the church porch before Aunt Chevenix could reply. She sailed up the central aisle with all her plain sails spread, and took the most comfortable seat in the vicarage pew, without bestowing so much as a glance upon the herd of nobodies who worshiped their Creator in that remote temple, and whose bonnets and choice of colors in general she protested were barbarous enough to set her teeth on edge.

She sat with half-closed eyelids and a languid air during the earlier portion of the service, kept her seat throughout the reading of the Psalms; but in the middle of the hymn that was sung before the Litany, Elizabeth was surprised by a complete change in her aunt's manner. The cold blue eyes opened to their widest extent, while their gaze grew fixed in an eager stare. The carefully finished eyebrows were raised; the corners of the mouth, which feature had previously been distinguished by a somewhat sour expression, relaxed into a faint smile; the whole physiognomy indicated at once pleasure and surprise. The look was so marked that Elizabeth's eyes involuntarily followed the direction of her aunt's transfixed gaze.

Her wondering glance that way did not show her any thing very strange—only old Lady Paulyn, a somewhat faded dame, in a lavender satin bonnet, a black velvet cloak, and rare old Mechlin collar, all of ancient fashion. In precisely such garments could Elizabeth remember Lady Paulyn from the days of her childhood. She lived in a huge and dismal architectural pile about seven miles from Hawleigh, saw very little society, kept no state, and gave but sparingly to the poor. She had an only son, for whom she was said to be hoarding her money, and very large were the figures by which the gossips of Hawleigh computed her hoards.

Of young Lord Paulyn (Viscount Paulyn in the peerage of England, and Baron Ouchterlochy in Ireland), her only son, Hawleigh had of late years seen so little that his face and figure were known to but few among the denizens of that town. But various were the rumors of that young man's manners and movements in the more brilliant scenes which he affected. His tastes were of the turf, turfy; he was said to have a tan gallop of his own at Newmarket, and a stable in Yorkshire; and while some authorities declared that he was making ducks and drakes of all the wealth of past generations of Paulyns—all more or less distinguished by a miserly turn of mind, and dating their nobility from the time of Charles the Second, who, by way of recompense for divers accommodations of a financial character, created one Jasper Paulyn, merchant and money-lender, Viscount Paulyn, of Ashcombe. Other wiseacres affirmed that he had doubled his fortune by lucky transactions on the turf—betting against his own horses, and other strokes of genius of a like calibre.

On whichever side the truth may have lain, and whatever hazard there might be of future ruin, Lord Paulyn was, at this present date, accounted one of the richest bachelors in England. Mrs. Chevenix had met him on rare and happy occasions, to be remembered and boasted of long afterward, and had gazed upon him with the eyes of worship. He had even been civil to her in his easy off-hand way, and had spoken of her to a common acquaintance as a decent old party; "held her head uncommon high, though, and looked as if she'd been driven with a bearing-rein."

The Luttrells were on sufficiently friendly terms with the Viscount's mother, although the Viscount himself was a stranger to them. About twice a year Lady Paulyn called at the Vicarage, and about twice a year Mr. Luttrell and a brace of his daughters made a ceremonial visit at Ashcombe, the seat of the Paulyns. At school treats and other charity festivals, on warm summer afternoons, the lavender satin bonnet would sometimes make its appearance, nodding to the commonalty with benignant condescension; while plethoric farmers of a radical turn opined that "it ud be a deal better if the old gal ud put her name down for a fi'-pun note a little oftener, instid o' waggling of her blessed old bonnet like a Chinee mandarin."

Whatever five-pound notes Lady Paulyn did bestow upon the deserving or undeserving indigent were dealt out by the agency of Mr. Luttrell, or Mr. Chapman, the incumbent of an ancient little church in the ancient village of Ashcombe. No necessitous wanderers were allowed to prowl about the court-yards or loiter at the back-doors of Ashcombe Manor; no dole of milk, or bread, or wine, or beer, or broken victuals was ever dispensed in the Ashcombe kitchen. Lady Paulyn sold the produce of her dairy and poultry-yard, her garden-stuffs and venison. Orchard-houses and vineries she had none, holding the cultivation of fruits under glass to be a new-fangled mode of wasting money, or she would have assuredly sold her grapes and pines and peaches. But she had acres of apple orchard, whose produce she supplied to a cider manufacturer at Hawleigh, retaining only a certain number of bushels of the least salable apples for the concoction of a peculiarly thin and acid liquor which she drank herself and gave to her servants and dependents.

"If it is good enough for me, my dear, it ought to be good enough for them," she told her companion and poor relation, Miss Hilda Disney, when the voice of revolt was faintly heard from the servants' hall.

The lavender satin bonnet was not alone in the great square pew. Miss Disney was seated opposite her benefactress—a fair, quiet-looking young woman, with long flaxen ringlets, and a curious stillness about her face and manner at all times—an air of supreme repose, which seemed to have grown up out of the solitude and silence of her joyless life until it had become an attribute of her own nature. She had refined and delicate features, a faultless complexion of the blended rose and lily order, large soft blue eyes, and lacked only life and expression to be almost beautiful. Wanting these, she was, in the words of Elizabeth Luttrell, a very pretty picture of a pink and white woman.

"There is not a factory girl in Hawleigh so much to be pitied as Miss Disney," said Elizabeth, when she discovered this young lady's character and surroundings. "How much better to be wax-work altogether than to be only half alive like that! But there is one advantage in having that kind of semi-sentient nature. I don't believe Hilda Disney feels any thing—either the gloom of that dismal old house, or the tyranny of that awful old woman. I don't suppose she would mind very much if Lady Paulyn were to stick pins in her, as the witches used to stick them in *their* wax figures; or perhaps she might feel pins, though she is impervious to nagging."

To-day Elizabeth looked from the Viscountess to Miss Disney, and wondered, with some touch of feminine compassion, if she would ever have a new bonnet, or go on wearing the same head-gear of black lace and violets to her dying day. But there was a third person in the Paulyn pew, and it was upon the countenance of this last individual that the distended eyeballs of Mrs. Chevenix gazed with that gaze of wonderment and delight.

This third person was a stranger to the sight of most people in Hawleigh. He was a man of about six-and-twenty, broad-shouldered and strongly built, but not above the middle height, with a face that was singularly handsome, after a purely animal type of beauty—a low forehead, a short straight nose, moulded rather than chiseled, full lips, shaded by a thick brown mustache, a square jaw, a trifle too heavy for the rest of the face, a powerful, column-like throat, fully exposed by the low-cut collar and narrow strip of cravat, short-cut hair of reddish-brown, and large bright eyes of the same hue, a reddish hazel—eyes that had never been dimmed by thought or study, but had something of the sailor's hawk-like far-off vision. It was the face and figure of a Greek athlete, the winner of the wild-olive crown, in the days when strength was accounted beauty.

"Do you know who that is in the pew by the altar?" whispered Mrs. Chevenix, under cover of the tall green-baize-lined pew, when they knelt down for the Litany.

"Don't know, I'm sure," replied Elizabeth, indifferently; "I suppose it's a stranger that they've put into the Ashcombe pew."

"That young man is Lord Paulyn, one of the richest men in London," said Mrs. Chevenix, in an awe-stricken whisper.

"Oh," said Elizabeth, settling down to the responses, and not peculiarly impressed by this announcement. Of course Lord Paulyn would be likely to come to see his mother sooner or later.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LUCKY NUMBERS.

THE silly belief in lucky numbers has nowhere been carried to a more absurd extent than in reference to lottery tickets. In the reign of George I. the footman of a lady of quality dreamed that two particular numbers would turn up prizes. He bought these two tickets on the following day, but they both turned up blanks, and he put an end to his existence. In his trunk was found a memorandum to the effect that, when his riches came to him, he would marry Grace Farmer, that he would make her wait upon him, and that he would eat and drink all day long. Toward the end of the same reign a mathematician, familiar with the theory of probabilities, demonstrated that, in a particular year, the chances were 34,999 to 1 against a particular number winning the £10,000 prize; 11,669 to 1 against a £5000 prize; and 6 to 1 against obtaining any prize at all. But all such warnings were of no use. A banker's clerk was one day found raving mad in the street. He had bought a ticket bearing a favorite number, and was robbed of it; on the day of the drawing of the lottery that number came up a £30,000 prize; and grief and rage were too much for him.

The days of George III. were full of odd incidents about lucky numbers in the lottery. One Mr. Barnes, a grocer, bought four consecutive numbers. Fearing that this would be unlucky, he exchanged one of them; but by an annoying freak of fortune the rejected number turned up a £20,000 prize, which fell to the lot of one Captain Young. About a fortnight before the drawing of one of the lotteries three friends determined to buy a ticket among them; but not being able to agree upon the number to be selected, they requested a little girl to decide for them. She fixed upon No. 10,000. They did not like it, thinking the number too obvious, not sufficiently mysterious. She refused to amend her choice, declaring her conviction that the number would prove a lucky one. Whereupon, setting her down as a silly goose, they bought another ticket; but No. 10,000, as it happened, *did* turn up a prize of £20,000.

An odd incident was connected with a lottery ticket early in the present century. Baron d'Aguilar was requested by a friend to purchase for him No. 14,068, which he felt certain would prove a lucky one. The baron could not fulfill the commission, for he found that this particular number was already sold. The number came up a prize of £20,000. So far there was vexation for Baron d'Aguilar's friend. On the other hand, the lucky winner (a draper in Cornhill) remained a long time without his money, owing to a blunder of his own; he had bought ten tickets, and had entered their numbers in a note-book as a memorandum; but he wrote 14,668 instead of 14,068, and remained long ignorant of the fact that that ticket had proved a lucky one.

Charles Lamb tells a story of a gentleman who had purchased No. 1069. Passing a lottery office, he saw a placard announcing that that number had come up a £20,000 prize. He walked round St. Paul's to cool his agitation before entering the office; on going back again he found that he had mistaken 10,069 for 1069.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN old gentleman of eighty-four having taken to the altar a young damsel of sixteen, the clergyman said to him, "You will find the font at the opposite end of the church." "What do I want with the font?" asked the old gentleman. "I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit; "I thought you had brought the child to be christened."

What is the use of going to see one's bachelor friend who has lately "popped the question?" Whenever you call he is sure to be *engaged*.

What is the difference between electricity and a fool?—One is simply marvelous, the other is marvelously simple.

A REFLECTION.—Most men wish to stand well with the world, yet in these days of heavy assessments, how few of us there are who would not much rather be underrated than overrated!

THEATRICAL RIDDLE.—Why is a sick cab-horse like a bad play?—Because it won't *run*, and can't *draw*.

A CELLAR UNDER-GROUND—A defunct tradesman.

Mr. Curmudgeon declares that Christmas-time is all *stuff* and nonsense.

What's the difference between the top of Bunker Hill Monument and a song for one voice?—One's so high, the other's solo.

The man who sat up all night weighing a ton of coal with a pair of steelyards, and by the pailful, to see that he had received full weight, thought he was ahead a few pounds until he remembered that he had not deducted the weight of the pail.

"Mr. President," exclaimed a member of a debating society, "our country's fate looms darkling before us, without a star above the horizon on which the patriotic mariner can hang a scintillation of hope, but with ominous features of fast-coming doom, gloomy and rayless as the eyes of a tree-toad perched upon the topmost bough of a barren poplar, enveloped in an impenetrable fog."

THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING—*He-roes.*

"I am glad," said a missionary to an Indian chief, "that you do not drink whisky; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," said the red man, and fixed an impressive eye upon the preacher, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."

NUT-CRACKERS—Headaches.

WANTED!—A coam for a head a sallery. A cape for t'coud shoolder. Cottan wool for ears a corn. A vail for t'fasce a nater. A tie for a neck a land. A ring for t'finger a scorn. A sling for a arm a t'sea. Curtains for t'bed ov a rivver. A rest for t'fooit ov a brig. A spooin to stur a incident wi. A knife ta cut capers. A collar for a dog-rose. An a sawcer for a butter cup.

A young man who proposed to a handsome but heartless creature the other evening suggested a very popular poem—the Beautiful's No.

A so-called philologist suggests that "the absolutoid elementismus of being echoes or reappears by analogy within the relatoid and concretoid elaborismus." This should be generally known.

A little boy in school gave one of the best definitions ever given of economy: "Paring potatoes thin."

A Continental artist named Wieniawischktchi gave his English friends who wished to pronounce his name great trouble, until a wag suggested that the exact pronunciation was wine-and-whisky, and then every body easily "swallowed it."

A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars when a policeman came up and hit him with a stave.

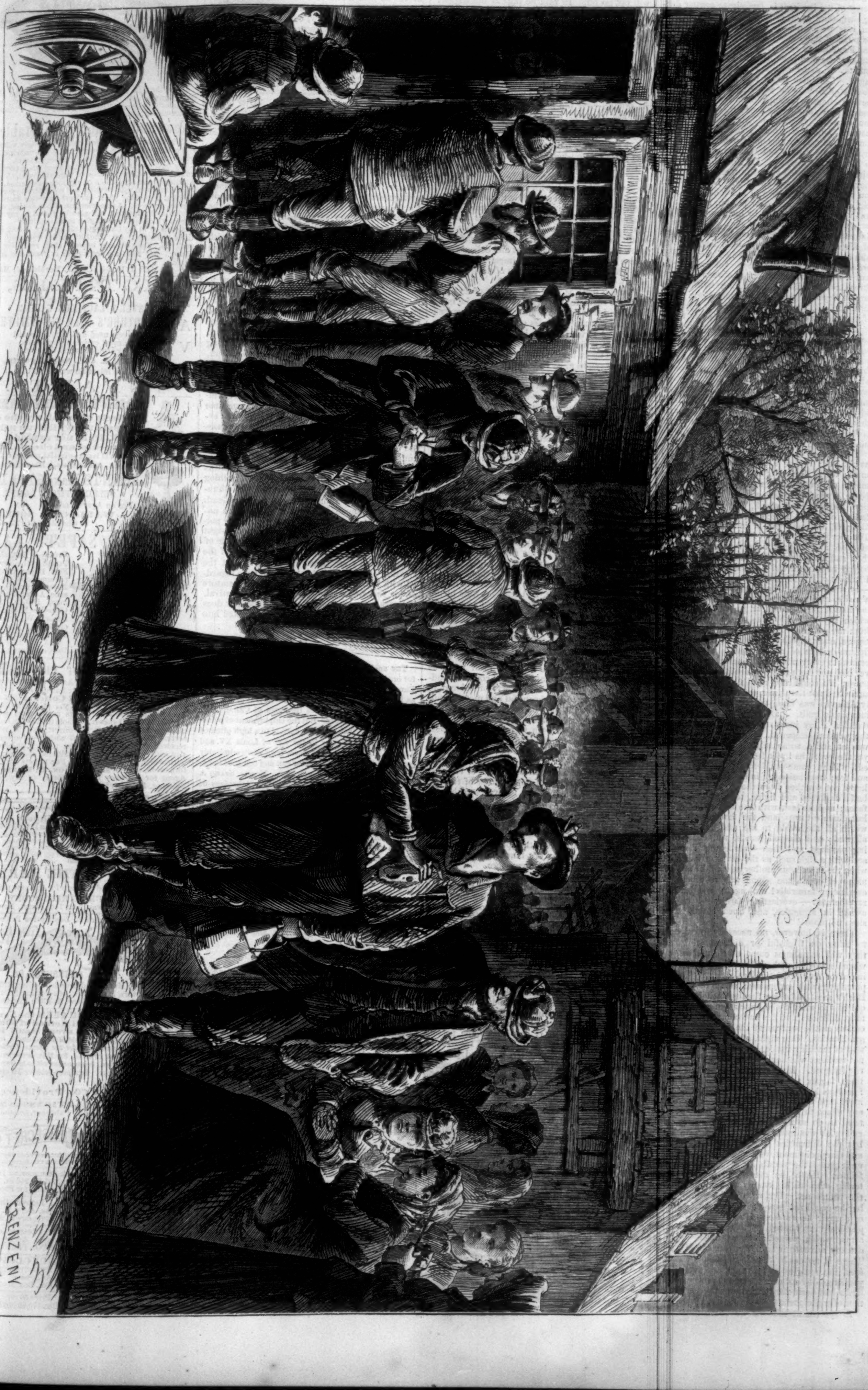
What is the difference between a jailor and a jeweler?—One watches cells, and the other sells watches.

An editor's pistol having been stolen, he advertises that if the thief will return it he will give him the contents and no questions asked.

A druggist recently received the following prescription, with a request to make it up: "Fur Krampe: Tinct. kamfire, won ounce; tinct. lodenum, a little; tinct. kyann pepper, two pen'orth; klouform, a little, but not much, as it is a dangerous medicine. Dose, half teaspoonful when the krampe come on."

DOWN AMONG THE COAL MINES—CHUTES LOADING THE CANAL-BOATS ON THE LEHIGH CANAL.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

DOWN AMONG THE COAL MINES—WEIGHING THE CARGOES IN THE WEIGH-LOCK ON THE LEHIGH CANAL.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



DOWN AMONG THE COAL MINES—THE MINERS' PAY-DAY.—[See First Page.]

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

Undoubted proof has been afforded that the energy of the intellect is sometimes greater during sleep than at other times, and many a problem, it is asserted, has been solved in sleep which has puzzled the waking sense. Cabanis tells us that Franklin on several occasions mentioned to him that he had been assisted in dreams in the conduct of many affairs in which he was engaged. Condillac states that while writing his *Course of Studies* he was frequently obliged to leave a chapter incomplete and retire to bed, and that on awaking he found it, on more than one occasion, finished in his head. In like manner Condorcet would sometimes leave his complicated calculations unfinished, and after retiring to rest would find their results unfolded to him in his dreams. La Fontaine and Voltaire both composed verses in their sleep, which they could repeat on awaking. Doctor Johnson relates that he once in a dream had a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his antagonist had the better of him. Coleridge in a dream composed the wild and beautiful poem of *Kubla Khan*, which had been suggested to him by a passage he had read in *Purchas's Pilgrimage* before he fell asleep. On awaking he had a distinct recollection of between two and three hundred lines, and taking writing materials, began eagerly to set them down. Unfortunately he was interrupted before a quarter of the task was done—was called away to attend to some business which detained him an hour—and found when he returned to his writing that the remainder had vanished from his memory. The most remarkable testimony of this kind is perhaps that of Sir Thomas Browne, who declared that, if it were possible, he would prefer to carry on his studies in his dreams, so much more efficient were his faculties of mind when his body was asleep. He further adds that were his memory as faithful as his reason is then fruitful, he would prefer that season for his devotions.

De Quincey describes one of his opium dreams as follows: "The dream commenced with a music which I now often hear in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense, a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting, was evolving like a great drama or piece of music, with which my sympathy was more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where of necessity we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it, and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantes was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms, hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I know not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights, tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed; and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells! And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more!'"

There is, however, no necessity to eat opium to bring on frightful or distressing dreams: they will sometimes come of themselves, even when least expected. The following is a case in point: An organist of local celebrity had been practicing with enthusiasm some of Sebastian Bach's most elaborate fugues until he had acquired the most facile execution even with the most difficult; and he had continued these exercises as the sources of the highest emotional gratification. One night, after his usual occupation of teaching music, he went to bed, but did not recollect whether he felt more than ordinarily fatigued. He dreamed that he had to play these fugues to a large congregation, but he found to his horror that the pedals would not move, and that it was utterly impossible to give any effect to these sublime compositions. He tried to do so with great and intense anxiety, and with the most indomitable perseverance; but the difficulties increased, and his chagrin and disappointment were great, as he had never anticipated the possibility of such a complete failure. Hence he made still greater efforts, trying with all his energy and might to make the pedals act. But with all his additional labor he could not succeed, and under a sensation of despair he awoke. He was quite jaded and physically prostrated, particularly his legs and arms, which pained him as much as if his dreamy adventure had been an actual reality. There is no doubt that if he had not actually used the muscles of his arms and feet, he had yet expended as much nervous power as if his limbs had been exercised under the perfect volition of consciousness.

A sportsman tells us he sometimes suffers wretchedly in dreams. He has to toil over rocks and rugged ground after game, and when he has at length arrived within shot of it his rifle will not go off. In vain he tugs at the trigger, the game mocks him with a ghastly grin, and he wakes in a cold sweat.

SANDALS.

We have often thought, considering how much we lose by shoes and how very little we gain, that it is a thousand pities women do not bring in sandals—*not* the foolish ribboned pumps of the last century, but the real Greek sandal. Without the hard and deforming shoe every muscle of the foot is in motion and visible at every step. It is quite wonderful how pretty the feet appear even when not very small. In reality we lose nearly as much by the shoe as the face loses by a mask: how much we could easily see by covering the hands with patent-leather or lined French kid, and then expecting them to entrance the spectator. We *never* see a woman's foot. We only see its leathern case, which is about as much a part or an expresser of her foot as a violin case is of a fine violin; and if women only knew the fascinations of a neat and delicate foot, whose outlines have not been impaired by corns, nor whose bones by generations of deformity, no shoe would be worn again forever.

But the truth is, just as the pace of an army must be regulated by the slowest man in it, so the beauties of the community must be disguised according to the plainness of the plainest member. A deformed foot is hidden by a shoe, so all the pretty feet must be hidden in shoes. An imperfect figure is disguised by a hoop or a bustle, so all the sylphs must be huddled into hoops and bustles. And, probably, if any graceful little sylph refused to be disguised, she would be called "vain," "shameless," and other pretty names.

Every artist knows that any foot that has ever worn a shoe is deformed. The great toe is bent in toward the rest of the toes, instead of being boldly parted. The other toes are crushed and shortened. How seldom in real life does one find the second toe longer than the great one, its *natural* length! If an artist wishes to make studies of a beautiful foot, does he choose out the smallest-footed lady of his acquaintance, and copy those "little mice" of hers? No; he goes off to the East, or to the fish-women on the shores of Italy, who have never worn a shoe. There he studies the free, practiced muscles, the firm steps, the ineffably graceful movements.

What do we lose by the shoe? Form, firmness of tread, charm of appearance. And what have we gained by the shoe? Perhaps cleanliness, and a certain amount of protection for the foot against cold, wet, and friction—this in the case of men at least. Before shoes people existed well enough without them, though there were still fragile ankles and tender toes. Stockings would be as useful as shoes if the great toe were separated from the rest, and the sole protected by a sole of leather, wood, or any other material, which, while being in itself twice as serviceable as our "paper soles," could be padded with silk, inlaid with ivory, or colored in any way at once more beautiful and more useful. The straps might also be ornamented. Where warmth was needed, the stocking, of kid, India rubber, worsted, or even velvet, would be quite as warm and serviceable as ordinary ladies' boots. The only difference would lie in their shape, and the absence of corns. And what a dangerous arrow might be added to our quiver of charms!

As it is, our want of appreciation of the real beauty of the body, or our ignorance of how to make the best use of our materials, reconciles us to all kinds of foot diseases and dis-ease little behind the proverbial Chinese victim to fashion; and if our sufferings have caused the medical profession to advance with rapid strides from the leech of old, we may just hint that prevention is as good as, if not better than, cure.

There is only one kind of shoe—which we may just name, *en passant*—that is of a proper and sensible form. It is that wide-ending shoe worn in the time of Henry VIII., in whose capacious front the toes might spread and be at ease. But its ugliness will probably hinder its reinstitution, and nothing really equals the sandal.

JUGGERNAUT.

The festival of Jagannáth (or Juggernaut) has been entirely misunderstood in Europe and America. It is not in any way cruel or bloodthirsty, and it has no connection with self-immolation, though it is true that some persons were killed formerly at the annual recurrences of the festival, and that ten thousand peasants annually sacrifice their lives to a pilgrimage to Jagannáth, which is one of the most frightful undertakings possible to humanity, and whose results, in pestilence spreading far and wide, make themselves felt, in the inroads of cholera, among European residents in India. The accounts and the pictures of the car festival, familiar to us in former days, are quite imaginary. Here is the certainly absurd but comparatively harmless truth:

For weeks before the car festival pilgrims come trooping into Purí by thousands every day. The whole district is in a ferment. By the time the great car has risen to the orthodox height of forty-five feet the temple cooks make their calculations for feeding ninety thousand mouths. The vast edifice is supported on sixteen wheels of seven feet diameter, and is thirty-five feet square. The brother and sister of Jagannáth have separate cars, a few feet smaller. When the sacred images are at length brought forth and placed upon their chariots, thousands fall on their knees and bow their foreheads in the dust. The vast multitude shouts with one throat, and, surging backward and forward, drags the wheeled edifices down the broad street toward the country house of Lord Jagannáth. Music strikes up before and behind, drums beat, cymbals clash, the priests harangue from the cars, or shout a sort of medley, enlivened with broad allusions and coarse gestures, which are received with roars of laughter by the crowd. And so the dense mass struggles forward by convulsive jerks, tugging, sweating, shouting, jumping, singing, praying, and swearing. The distance from the temple to the country house is less than a mile, but the wheels sink deep into the sand, and the journey takes several days. After hours of severe toil and wild excitement in the July tropical sun a reaction necessarily follows. The zeal of the pilgrims flags before the garden-house is reached; and the cars, deserted by the devotees, are dragged along by the professional pullers with deep-drawn grunts and groans. These men, four thousand two hundred in number, are peasants from the neighboring fiscal divisions, who generally manage to live at free quarters in Purí during the festival. Once arrived at the country house, the enthusiasm subsides. The pilgrims drop exhausted upon the burning sand of the sacred street, or block up the lanes with their prostrate bodies. When they have slept off their excitement they rise refreshed, and ready for another of the strong religious stimulants of the season. Lord Jagannáth is left to get back to his temple as best he can, and, but for the professional car-pullers, would infallibly stick at his country house. In a closely packed throng of a hundred thousand men and women, many of them unaccustomed to exposure or hard labor, and all of them tugging and straining to the uttermost under a blazing tropical sun, deaths must occasionally occur. There have doubtless been instances of pilgrims throwing themselves under the wheels in a frenzy of religious excitement. But such instances were always rare, and are now unknown. At one time several unhappy people were killed or injured every year, but they were almost invariably cases of accidental trampling. The few suicides that did occur were for the most part cases of diseased and miserable objects, who took this means to put themselves out of pain. The official returns now place this beyond doubt. Indeed, nothing could be more opposed to the spirit of Vishnu-worship than self-immolation. Accidental death within the temple renders the whole place unclean. The ritual suddenly stops, and the polluted offerings are hurried away from the sight of the offended god. Chaitanga, the apostle of Jagannáth, preached that the destruction of the least of God's creatures was a sin against the Creator. Self-immolation he would have regarded with horror. The copious religious literature of his sect frequently describes the car festival, but makes no mention of self-sacrifice, nor does it contain any passage that could be twisted into a sanction for it.

PAINTINGS.

The ancient and exquisite art of making enamels for ornaments has not, indeed, wholly disappeared from Europe. But no such work is now done in that kind as Limoges of old produced, and still less as we have caught glimpses of in the treasures of Chinese and Japanese manufacture. But the employment of painting in jewelry, though it was carried to a high pitch of fashion and of success in the age of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. in France, has never been more admirably practiced than it now is. Nor can any thing be imagined more delicate and gracious. Messrs. Starr & Marcus, 22 John Street (up stairs), true Athenians of their calling, ever on the watch for some new thing, were sure not to overlook this development of European art. Some of their brooches, bracelets, ear-rings of this kind are absolutely winning. In little dainty frames of chased or chiselled gold, the airiest little Pucks and Cupids dance and float, wanton and laugh. They seem small refugees from some one of Albano's Arcadian canvases, as arch, as full of life, as quaint, as captivating as his most chubby and most daring imps. Festoons of flowers are woven about them. Grapes and the leaves of the vine overhang and entwine with them. Any thing more apt or charming to be worn by young girls in the first flush of their budding womanhood it would be hard to devise, and not easy to dream of.—[*Com.*]

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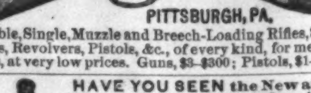

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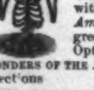

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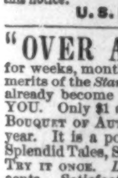

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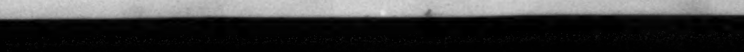

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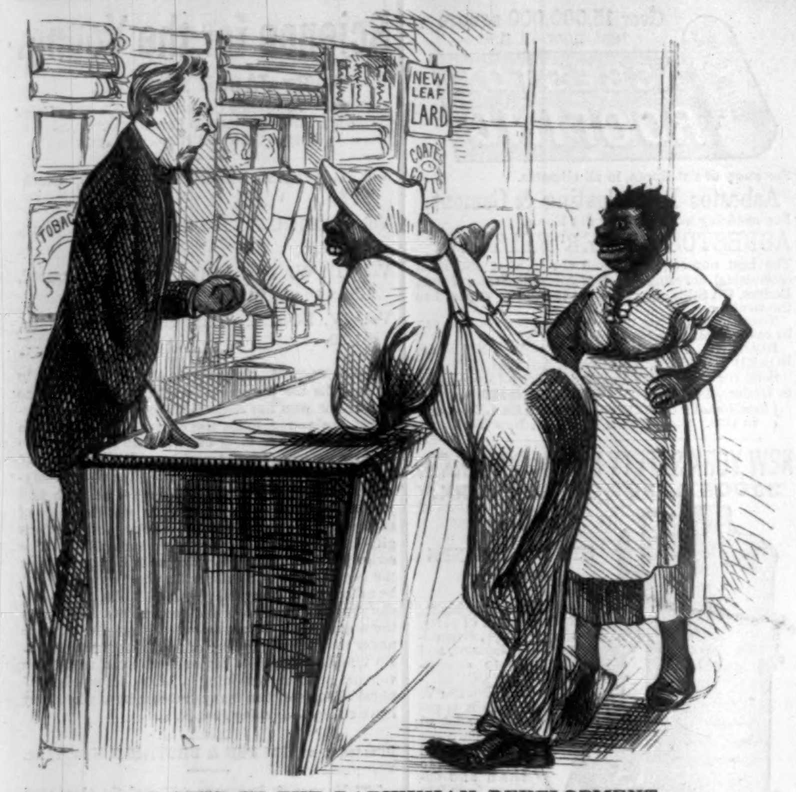

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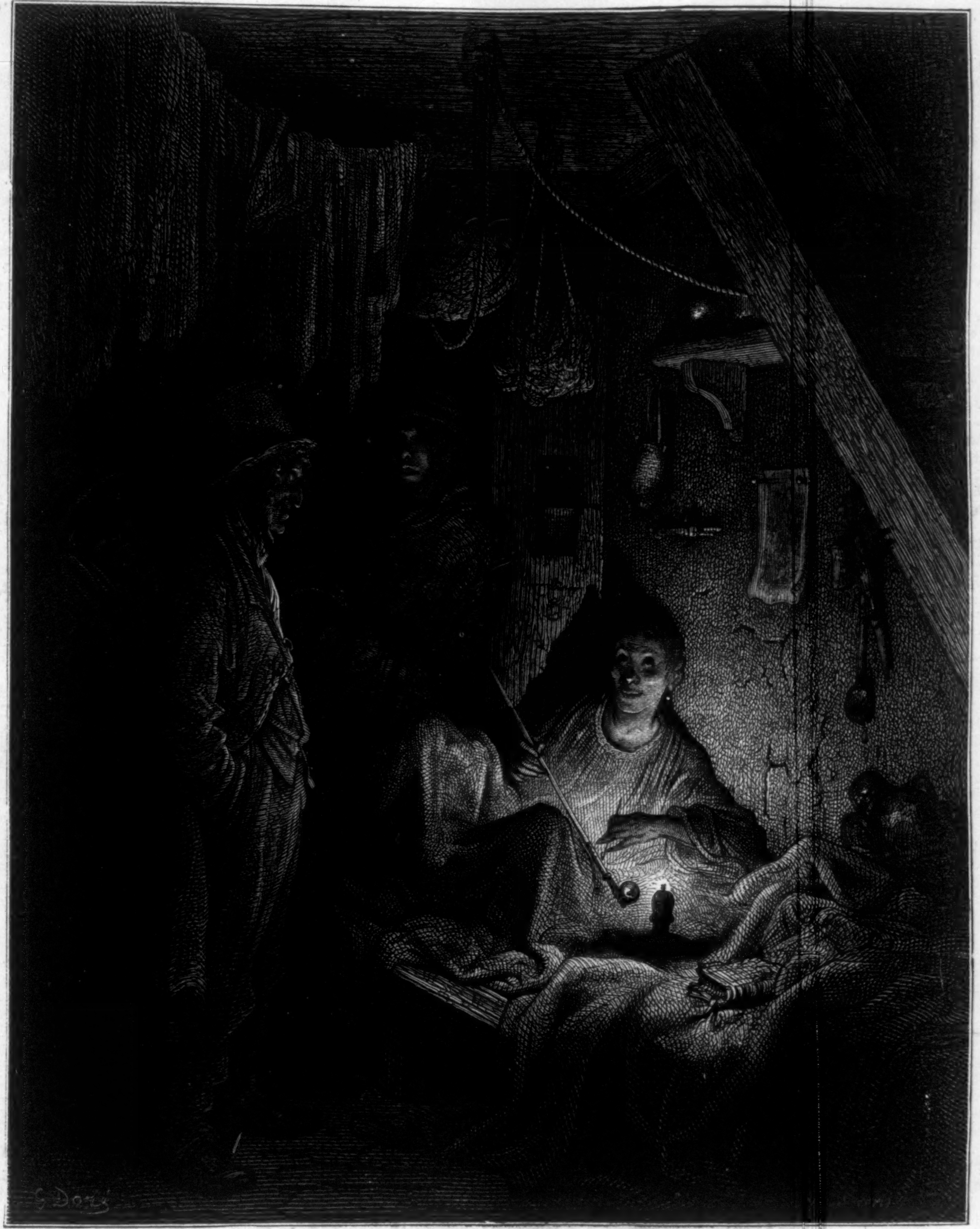
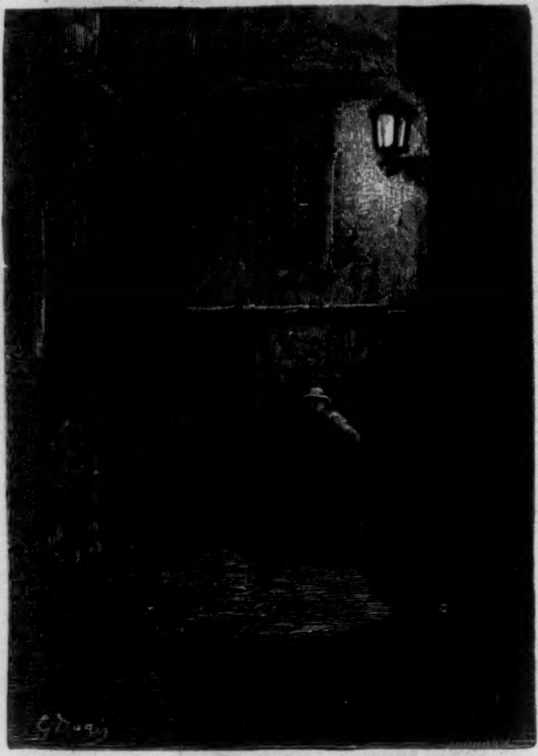


OPIUM SMOKING—THE LASCAR'S ROOM IN "EDWIN DROOD."

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

WHITECHAPEL AND THEREABOUTS.

WE pass from kitchen to kitchen and from lodging to lodging, up and down two or three lanes, threading the long passages of deal boards that separate the twopenny beds of the lodgers, and here and there coming upon heart-breaking scenes of disease and helplessness. In one box an old man is dying of asthma; in another two fine baby-boys are interlaced, sleeping till their mother brings them home some supper from the hard streets; in another— But the list would fill a chapter of biographies of London waifs and strays, and London rogues and vagabonds. They crowd upon us, with imploring or threatening eyes from under the rags hanging over the kitchen fire; from foggy corners where they are eating scraps; from benches where they are playing push-penny. Men and women, boys and girls, all quarreling or rollicking together: the artificial-flower maker with the known thief; the yet virtuous girl with the flaunting hussy of the Whitechapel Road. From low house to low house we go, picking up some fresh scrap of the history of Poverty and Crime—they must go hand in hand hereabouts—at every turn. At dark corners lurking men keep close to the wall; and the police smile when we wonder what would become of a lonely wanderer who should find himself in these regions unprotected. "He would be stripped to his shirt," was the candid answer, made while we threaded an extraordinary tangle of dark alleys where two men could just walk abreast under the flickering lamps jutting from the ebon walls to mark the corners. We were on our way to the



WHITECHAPEL—A HIDING-PLACE.

HARDWARE DEALER, NEW CUT MARKET.

COLUMBIA MARKET.

dreadful paved court, flanked with tumble-down one-storied houses, in which our old friend the Lascar opium-smoker rolled upon his mattress, stirring his stifling narcotic over a lamp, and keeping his eyes—bright as burning coals—upon his latch.

We turned into one of the lowest of low lodging-houses for a direction. It was a small kitchen, with two or three hideous old hags in it, and a child begrimed with dirt rolling upon the hearth. A bull's-eye was turned upon the landlady: she was shamefaced, and tried to hide her bruised arms and cheeks. "Ah, locked up last night, I remember," said the policeman. "*Very* drunk." The lady confessed the soft impeachment, and seemed touched by the kind tones in which the sergeant asked her why she couldn't try to be a little more reasonable and respectable. The begrimed child had got upon its legs; and while it held one hand out mechanically toward us begging, clawed the drunken mother's apron with the other, and grinned in her sheepish face. As for our friend the Lascar, whose portrait we had taken on a previous visit, we shouldn't see him to-night; he was "in quod for a month—begging." So we went to a neighbor and rival of his, and were introduced to the room in which "Edwin Drood" opens. Upon the wreck of a four-post bedstead (the posts of which almost met overhead, and from which depended bundles of shapeless rags), upon a mattress heaped with indescribable clothes, lay, sprawling, a Lascar, dead drunk with opium; and at the foot of the bed a woman, with a little brass lamp among the rags covering her, stirring the opium over the tiny flame. She only turned her head dreamily as we entered. She shivered under the gust of night air we had brought in, and went on warming the black mixture. It was difficult to see any humanity in that face, as the enormous gray dry lips lapped about the rough wood pipe and drew in the poison. The man looked dead. She said he had been out since four in the morning trying to get a job in the docks, and had failed.

We escaped from the opium fumes, in which a score of white mice (the woman's pets) were gambolling over the rags and dirt she called her bed; back through the tangle of courts, in one of which we were told there was not an unconvicted lodger; under the fire of invective and sarcasm from women who threw up the windows and gesticulated at us like fiends, to a certain thieves' public-house, the landlord of which is one of the most considerable receivers of stolen goods in the country. Our sergeant and superintendent hoped we should not mind if a little scuffle ensued: they had a slight job—a trifling capture—somebody whom they wanted—in their eye. It would be over in a few minutes. I and one of our party* entered a crowded public-house—thieves, to a boy—and pushed through to a door at the back, where a young, hard-featured woman was stationed, taking money. We passed into a large room, in the corner of which was a raised piano and a little platform. The entire audience turned toward us faces—the combined effect of which I shall never forget. The music stopped, and amid a general flutter our Scotland Yard sergeant, backed by the superintendent, passed the awful array of criminal countenances in steady review. We were then invited—and we needed no second invitation—to pass out.

"Not there," said the sergeant. "It would have been a tough job." Glad that there had been no tough job in our presence, we went off to the casual ward of St. George's-in-the-East, where we knocked up an old pauper who was keeping the fire alight in the deserted oakum shed; signed our names; peeped in at the rows of vagrants sleeping, rolled up like mummies, and went home, gradually, by the flaring lights of Shadwell, looking in at the Sailors' hops in Ratcliff Highway, and carrying off the honor of having been introduced to the strongest woman in Bermondsey, who was pleased to ask, in her condescending way, whether we were good for a pint of gin.

Indeed, demands for gin assailed us on all sides. Women old and young, girls and boys in the most woful tatters, rogues of all descriptions, brazen-faced lads dancing in the flaring ball-rooms on the first floor of the public-houses, even the Fire King who was performing before half a dozen sailors, and the pot-boy who showed the way up the steep stairs, wanted gin—nothing but gin. Some cried for a pint, others for half a pint, others for a glass; not so much because they had any hope that their prayer would be granted, as humoring a savage rebellious spirit that stirred in them to mock at us for lamenting their woe-begone condition. Rebuked by the police, who did their spiriting very gently always, they would fall back, and grimace at us, and imitate our manners, our voice, our movements.

We were to them as strange and amusing as Chinamen; and we were something more and worse. We were spies upon them; men of better luck whom they were bound to envy, and whose mere presence roused the rebel in them. A few of them, loitering about the Whitechapel Road, flung a parting sneer or oath at us, as we hailed a returning cab, and buried ourselves in it, after hours upon hours of prospecting in an Alsatia, that numbers its inhabitants by the hundred thousand.

It was two in the morning when we got clear of the East.

GLOUCESTER STREET, NEW CUT—OLD-CLOTHES MART.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE MARKET-PLACES.

THE Lady Bountiful of our time—at once wise and gentle and charitable; the Lady of the open hand—among her countless benefactions to her poor brothers and sisters, gave them Columbia Market, which she reared in the thickest of London squalor, on the site of Nova Scotia Gardens of unsavory memory. Her design was to bring cheap and good food within the reach of those who could least afford to be cheated of a farthing's worth. And so in 1868, under liberal regulations unknown in the old markets, the spacious avenues of a fine architectural edifice were given up to the marketing of the

* Prince Charles Bonaparte, who, as a thoughtful and serious observer, made the tour of the East End one night (February 5, 1872) with me, accompanied by the Marquis of Bassano, and Monsieur Filon, tutor to the Prince Imperial.

ragged, the unfortunate, and the guilty. It was a merciful and provident idea, most liberally carried-out; yet so sunk were those for whom the good was intended in ignorance and the wantonness of vice, that they would not use the gift. The coster-monger drove his barrow past the gates to the by-ways of Covent Garden or the alleys about overcrowded Billingsgate, as of old; the hosts of half-fed creatures massed far and wide around the building would not take the comfort and economy the new market offered, but went to the street shambles and road-side barrows as of old. Columbia Market—like many other places disposed by Charity for the improvement of the unfortunate—was a failure.

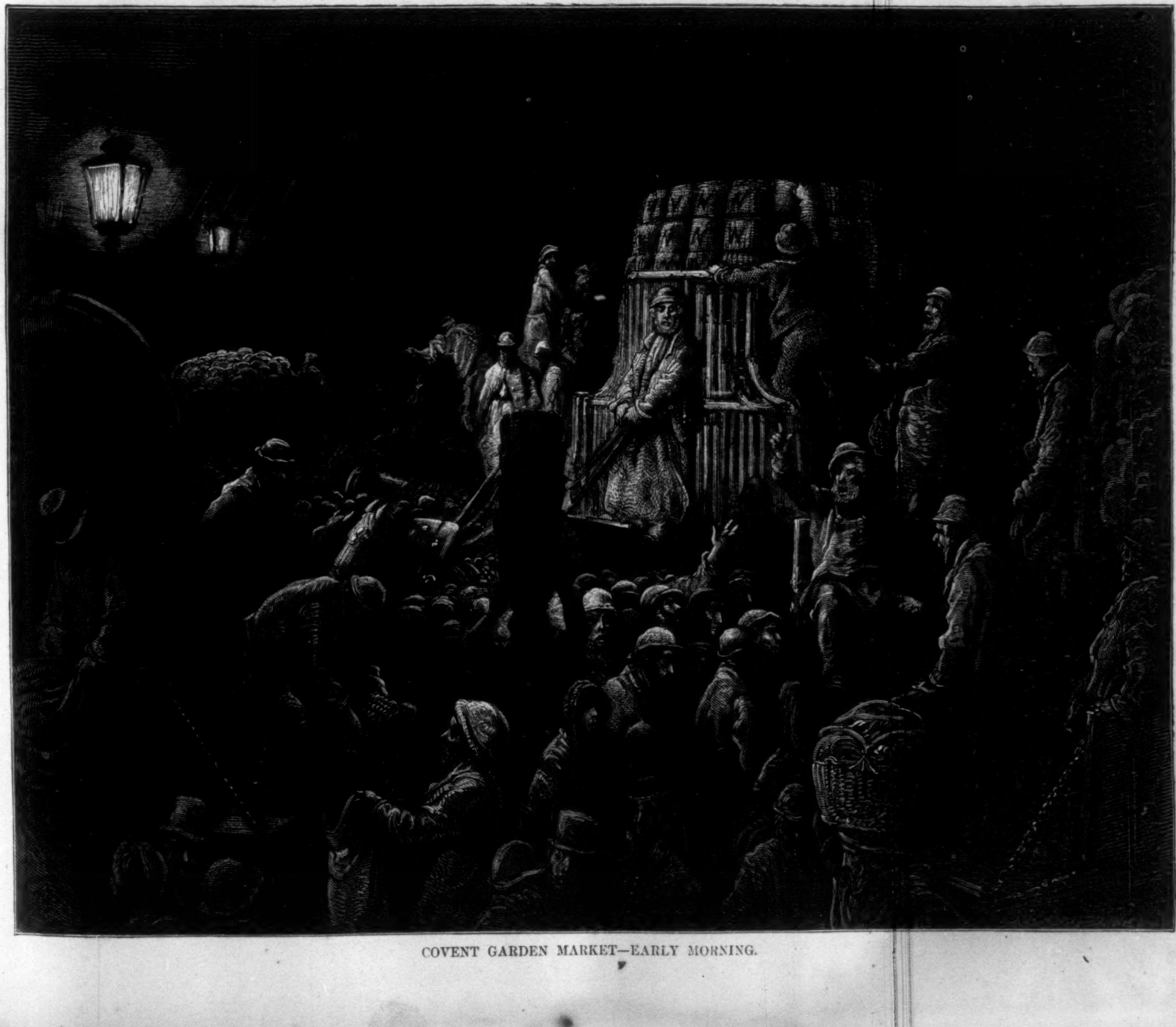
In 1870 the general market was turned into a fish market; and in 1871 Lady Burdett-Coutts handed it over to the keeping of the City authorities, in the hope that they would use it to bring increased stores of fish within the reach of the poorer population of London, and hereby put an end to the shame that lies upon all men in power, while the crowds go hungry in poor London, and fish is used for manure by our eastern shores, in tons, because metropolitan marketing machinery is defective.

To what extent defective he may see in a morning who will rise betimes and imitate our pilgrimages to the market-places of Cockayne. The opening of Billingsgate Market is one of those picturesque tumults which delight the artist's eye. The gray chilly morning; the river background, with masts packed close as arrows in a quiver; the lapping of the tide; the thuds of the paddles of hardly perceptible steamers; the tiers of fishing boats, rich in outline and in accidental shades and tints; and then the varieties of shouting, whistling, singing, and swearing men, who are landing insatiable London's first course (first and last to many thousands); the deafening vociferation, where the fish auctions are going on in the steamy open shops of the salesmen; the superb confusion and glistening of the mounds which the porters are casting into the market from the boats. It is well worth the chilly journey through the silent streets to see. A little peppering of fish scales; plentiful elbow thrusts; a running fire of good-natured chaff—the more galling because of its incomprehensibility to the uninitiated—and a shallow lake of mud to walk in, are *désagréments* for which even a dive into the old fish ordinary establishment in quest of coffee and character will not compensate the merely curious man. But he who wants to know how the greatest city in the world is fed with fish and meat and vegetables, or he who delights in the study of the varieties of his kind and the infinite vicissitudes of their lives, will not tire till he has made the round.

BOROUGH MARKET.

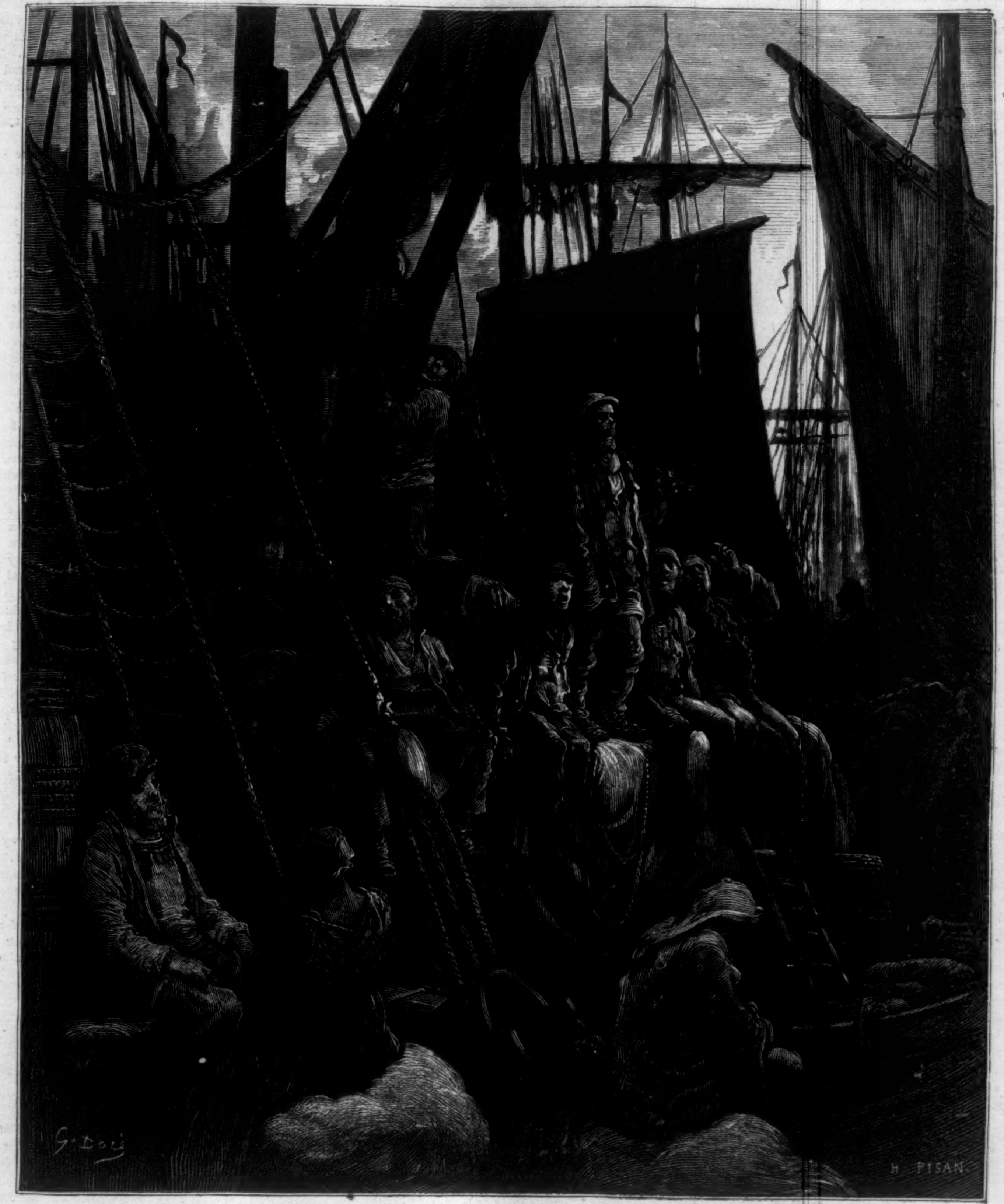
Market mornings in London present to the observer classes or sections of the metropolitan community who are only observable while the day is very young indeed. They vary with each market. There is nothing in common between the market-gardeners who dine about ten in the morning at an ordinary buried almost to its chimney-pots in vegetables, opposite Southampton Street, and the salemen—the bummarees—who hasten along Dark House Lane before cock-crow—and are gentlemen at ease before our baker has called with the morning rolls.

For sharpness and impressiveness of contrast the best route is from busy Billingsgate, over London Bridge, to the Borough fruit and vegetable market—a commodious structure, almost choked even now with surrounding streets, of the poor, red-tiled houses that may be reckoned by the league, from the eminence of the railway between the City and the West End. It is a repetition of Covent Garden, as to the system. It is choked with market carts and costers' barrows, and crowded with unclassable poor, who seem to linger about in the hope that something out of the mighty cupboard may fall to their share. The ancient Borough, with the wonderful old Inn yards in which the market-folk put up their vehicles, and breakfast—the time-worn Tabard being chief of these by its classic story and its



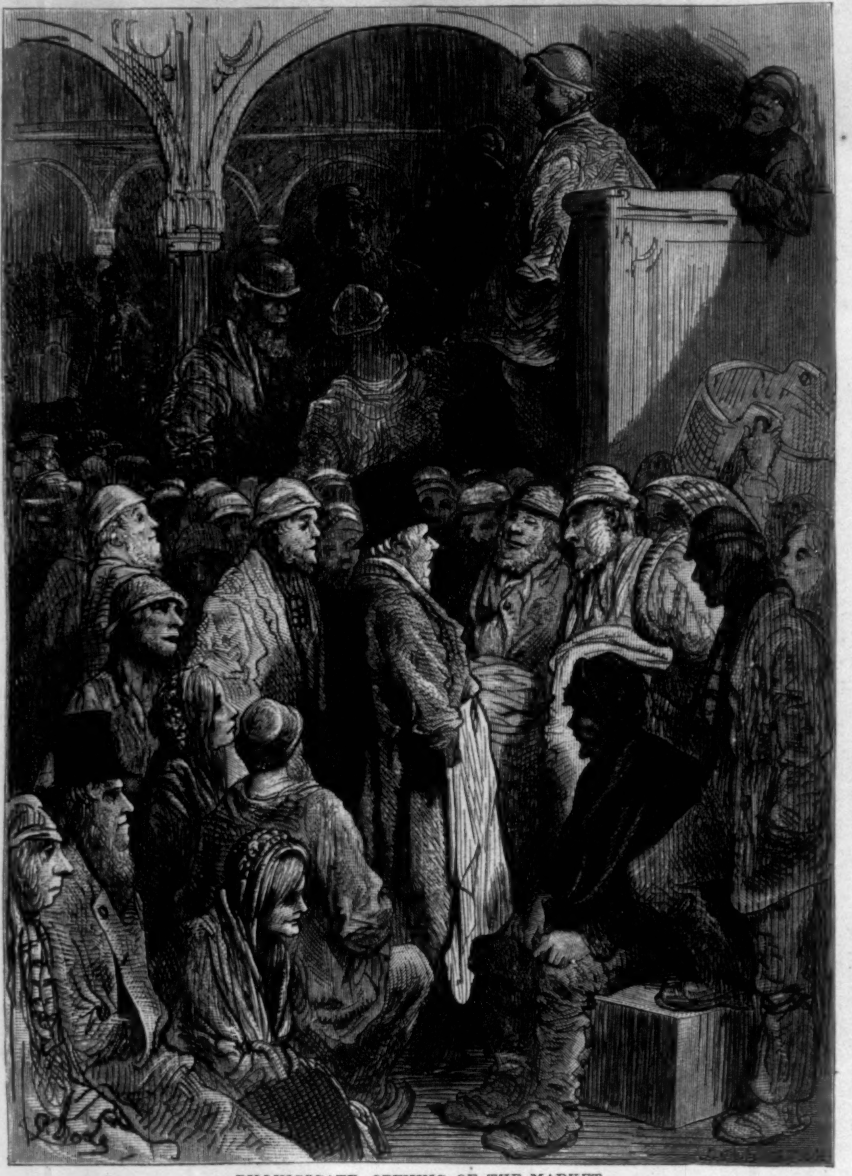
COVENT GARDEN MARKET—EARLY MORNING.

WENTWORTH STREET, WHITECHAPEL.



OFF BILLINGSGATE.

quaintness—makes an attractive study; showing us (for the hundredth time) that on which I insisted when first we set forth on this pilgrimage, viz., that London is full of pictures.



BILLINGSGATE—OPENING OF THE MARKET.

Covent Garden Market, however, is the most famous place of barter in England: it has been said, by people who forget the historical *Halle* of Paris, in the world. A stroll through it, and around it, when the market is opening on a summer morning, between four and five, affords the visitor a score of points of interest, and some matter for reflection. As at Billingsgate and in the Borough, the surrounding streets are choked with wagons and barrows. The street vendors are of all kinds—and of the poorest of each kind—if the coffee-stall keepers be excepted. The porters amble in all directions under loads of prodigious bulk. Lifted upon stalwart shoulders, towers of baskets travel about. From the tails of carts producers or "higglers" are selling off mountainous loads of cabbages. The air is fragrant with fruit to the north, and redolent of stale vegetables to the south. The piazzas, of pleasant memory, and where a few noteworthy social clubs still linger, are alive with stalls, scattered sieves, market-gardeners, green-grocers, poor women and children in troops (these are every where on our way), and hawkers, old and young, eagerly on the look-out for an advantageous transaction with a higgler, or direct from the producer. Within the market inclosure the stacks of vegetables, and the piles of fruit baskets and boxes, are of startling extent. The scene is not so brilliant as that we used to see about the old fountain at the Paris *Halle*, where the water seemed to spring from a monster horn of plenty; but these Irish women, these fresh-colored Saxon girls, these brawny Scotch lassies, in their untidy clothes and tilted bonnets, who shell the pease, and carry the purchasers' loads, and are ready for any of the hundred-and-one jobs of a great market, fall into groups wonderfully tempting to the artist's pencil. We lingered long one morning, watching a group of women shelling pease. They were a picture perfect in all its details, with the majestic old woman, who commanded the company, for central figure.

"It would be nothing without color—and more space than any page affords," was my fellow-pilgrim's remark. "It's a pity, but so it is."

It was in the poor markets, it need hardly be said, that we found our most striking subjects; and ever as we neared the poorest, we saw the buyer at a fresh disadvantage. In Covent Garden there is the higgler, or middle-man, who buys from the producer to sell to the retailer, who will, in his turn, sell to the humble customer. The rich man buys first-hand; the poor man, fifth-hand.

If we pass from the great markets to the small—from the West End shops to Phil's Gardens, by St. Mary Axe, and Petticoat Lane, and the New Cut, and Somers Town, we come upon immense woe-begone communities, who are without knowledge or skill, and can consequently command only the lowest wage. Still, these tatterdemalions are eagerly sought for as customers. Behold them keenly testing and examining huge bunches of rags that are temptingly hung from old-clothesmen's doors and windows; and how their eyes run along the rows of old boots and shoes upon the pavement! The eagerness of the vendors is as remarkable as the anxiety painted on the faces of the customers. There is a hard battle over every rag and trinket; and the noise of the strife is deafening. Here is no trust, no reliance on truth and honor. He who cheats is the best seller: he who holds out longest is the best buyer. But all who buy are purchasing, with their few pence, in the dearest market in all London. The consumers for whom good Lady Burdett-Coutts built a beautiful market up in the very eye of London's misery, are those who are now forced to deal along the curb-stones in their respective neighborhoods, and whose tradesmen are the coster-mongers. In London there are nearly forty street markets; and from these markets the main body of Cockneys are fed, and provided with household gods. These street fairs are held chiefly on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings, when the workman has his week's wages in his pocket. The buyers tumble out of attics and cellars on winter nights, in cold and rain, and on the chilly Sunday mornings, to make the best of their money for the coming week. They can understand no bartering that is not done in the rain and snow; and they have not the least knowledge of the actual value of a single article they purchase. They are so rooted to custom, so spiritless through long-suffering, so hopeless of amendment in their lot, that they have not been able yet to set up stores of their own, even on the humblest footing, and save the five or six profits which they now pay on every article. They have been used to buy pots and pans and knives and forks of the hawker on the curb-stone; and they will not listen to a new plan, cost price, and the rest of it.

The New Cut and Clare Market are, perhaps, the most remarkable street markets in all London; for here the observer may see the poorest and lowest of our populations most densely massed. The squalor of Drury Lane is not exceeded by that of Bluegate Fields or Ratcliff Highway. It is of a more hideous, of a severer kind than that of the New Cut, which is perhaps outwardly improved by the presence of young thieves and their companions from the infamous by-streets of Southwark. You can drive through the New Cut, and watch the uproarious marketing from your cab. The light of day shines upon the great fight for the cheap pennyworth. Moreover, there are important works round about, and the honest toilers in them show conspicuously in the throng. In the street market of Drury Lane the mark of misery seems to be upon every man, woman, and child. Seven Dials is the nearest approach to Drury Lane in the hopelessness of its general aspect.

"What! you have no district markets in London! People buy their meat and vegetables in these horrible little shops!" one of my companions exclaimed, as we pushed our way along the crowded pavement of the New Cut on Sunday morning, when the police and the coster-mongers were at loggerheads. "And pray why are the police hustling these wretched fellows who are trying to sell a few more oranges, or another knife, or comb? Remark that tottering old woman with the laces—driven into the road! Look at the customers of that hard-faced street butcher!"

I explained that hawking on Sundays was illegal.

"But these men, whose faces tell how hard they work, have no other time, or their wives haven't. It can not be for their pleasure they take part of their only holiday to go to market."

I answered that they mostly left off work early on Saturdays.

"Yes, yes," my argumentative friend went on, "but where are they to amuse themselves, since you shut every thing up on Sundays? They have, you say, Sunday for rest; consequently they have just half a day in the week for amusement. Leave them alone then here, poor fellows; or build twenty district markets for them, all over your city, like our arrondissement markets. C'est logique."

It may be; but this is not the place for an opinion on the subject.

On the other hand, it may be "*logique*" to let these things shift for themselves. Perhaps Lady Coutts is wrong after all, and marketing of the lowest kind is best done in the rain, on the curb-stone. Perhaps it is best to leave the street sellers to

COFFEE SHOP, PETTICOAT LANE.

THE BUTCHER, NEWPORT MARKET ALLEY.

the mercy of the shop-keepers, their competitors.

The policeman walks between. He is judge between the two, and keeps their anger within bounds. The stern air of command with which he tells an orange girl who has overstepped the boundary to move on is worthy of a better cause. It surprises the foreign observer of our manners, who adds it inevitably to his bundle of evidence against us as a *bizarre* people.

Bizarre, I suppose we are, being so very careful where we might with advantage be careless; and so careless where we might, with singular benefit to the poorer sections of our community, be careful.

THE SMITHS OF SMITHVILLE.

I WAS about twenty-five years old when I went to Smithville to do a little surveying for the thriving firm I had the honor to be connected with. It was a pretty place, or, rather, it had been a pretty place, a beautiful spot, when the original Captain John Smith, of Virginia, was living. I don't suppose the red-skins could have imagined a nicer hunting-ground, even in spirit-land, when the weather was agreeable. But at the time I am speaking of Captain John had long since been gathered to his fathers, and the red-skins had pretty much all been gathered to their fathers, the only difference being that Captain John had left a numerous progeny behind him, a few of which had settled at Smithville.

We had surveyed the site for the Smithsonian Academy, and had got through with the Hotel Smith: all that remained was the Smith Water-Cure, and our business would be completed. But unfortunately—or fortunately for me—the site for the Water-Cure was a troublesome one to get through with. It was upon the top of a high, rocky hill that jutted up hundreds of feet over the valley beneath, and from which a magnificent view kept distracting my attention from the work in hand. It was fine breezy spring weather, every morning bringing with it some new freshness of beauty. The little flowers that peeped from under the shelter of the rocks were so soft and delicate that one hated to root them up, and the rocks themselves were handsome enough to command one's admiration and respect. All sorts of foolish romantic ideas took possession of me, and I squandered a good deal of precious time with my head in the clouds.

The result of all this was that one day Nature overpowered me. She brought to bear upon me so much that was beautiful, animate and inanimate, that I succumbed. The animate came up to worship the inanimate, and I fell prostrate before them both. So would you, if you had been there. She came in one of those nice little wicker wagons with a curve at the side, purposely to display artistically the pretty voluminous folds of I should say ten dozen yards of some kind of stuff of a heavenly melting blue. She wore a large round inverted straw saucer on her head, from which streamed gracefully a lot of ribbon. I haven't attempted to describe the landscape that charmed me, because I never attempt the impossible; and as she was handsomer than the landscape, no words of mine could do her justice. She drove a little shaggy pony with a mischievous blink in his eye. There was a companion with her always—a very nice-looking lady indeed; a little thin, perhaps, and a trifle stiff and prim, but very nice-looking indeed.

These two ladies came every morning after that in the little wicker wagon to enjoy the view from the top of the rock, and the surveying of the Smith Water-Cure suffered a little in consequence. I fell over head and ears in love with her the first day I saw her, and it got worse and worse with me every time the mischievous nose of that shaggy pony came pointing up the hill. I don't think I was to blame. I did struggle against it manfully for a time. I told myself over and over again that it was a ridiculous piece of folly, and the consequence of that romantic view from the Water-Cure; that it was merely a temporary thing, and would wear away when I had completed my work and gone back to town. But the moment I thought of going away I was seized with a pang of absolute suffering, and I found that it was all up with me. The beautiful little girl in the wicker wagon had decided my destiny. I loved her. I was not a fellow to do things by halves. Whatever I did I put my whole soul into it. That's the reason the firm sent me up there to the Smiths. "It 'll be a capital thing, Hodge," they said, "if you work it right. They own all the land about there, and one thing 'll work on to another, you know, if you're on the *qui vive*."

They were pretty well contented when I got as far as the Water-Cure. So you can imagine how deeply a fellow like me would plunge into love. I thought of her night and day; mixed her up with my romantic dreams and with my every-day work.

After she'd got into the habit of driving up there I used to see her so often that we began to nod and smile at one another in the pleasant fashion of the country. It took me a good while to get used to her smile. I used to have to go away by myself and choke down a kind of spasmodic joy. One morning, after having watched and watched for them in vain, I saw the pony's nose appear over the summit of the hill. I feared there was something wrong, for his nostrils were dilated and his head was bobbing up and down; and no sooner had he reached level ground than he began to dash madly ahead at break-neck speed right toward the verge of the rock. She was standing up, with a face pale as death, but holding the reins tight in her hands, and calling out "Whisker!" in the sweetest terror-stricken tone you ever heard. If he'd been a bit like the one he was named after he'd have stopped immediately; but he wasn't, and he went straight ahead, throwing out his legs, and snorting like a little bull.

If I hadn't been there they would have been killed. Fancy, then, what a mixture of joy and fright I was in. Rushing over stumps and rocks, I dashed madly on, reaching them just in time, and grasping the pony with a grip of iron. He kicked and plunged, and turning short, almost dragged me with him over the cliff. But in spite of a severe wrench in my arm and a sharp pain in my knee, I held on to the little beast till he came to his senses. Then, like all of his tribe, he felt remorse for the way he had acted, and stood there whinnying and shivering till the ladies got out of the carriage, and I had tied him to a sapling. She came up to me to thank me, and told me Whisker had got frightened at an ugly stump he had never seen before, and that, oh! suppose I hadn't been there, and suppose I had not been so strong and brave—and here her voice seemed to grow faint, and a mist came over my eyes, and if it hadn't been for the sapling I should have tumbled down. What a pity for a fellow to lose a moment like that! I call it a regular spite. There she was, talking so pretty, and holding out her little white hand to me, and I couldn't even hear her, nor have one little hug of her hand. I toppled over, like an idiot, in a faint. I suppose it was a little owing to my arm and knee; both were badly sprained, and the pain was fearful. But half of it was the effect of her voice. I was such a fool about her that it robbed me of all strength of will and purpose.

When I came to myself I was lying in a big bed with a splendid canopy over it, and somebody was bandaging up my head.

"Hallo!" said I; "I thought it was my leg, or my arm."

"You must have been thrown against a rock, Sir," said the gentleman. "You've narrowly escaped fracturing the skull. It's a severe scalp wound as it is, and will require great care."

"Hum!" said I. "Whose house is this? May I know your name?"

"My name is Dr. Smith," he said; "but the house doesn't belong to me. Its owner is under a great debt of gratitude to you, and I must thank you in his name for saving the life of his only daughter."

"What is *his* name?" I inquired.

"Mr. Smith," said the doctor—"Mr. John Smith. He is away traveling just now."

"Then you are the young lady's brother?" I asked, eagerly, for he was a deucedly handsome fellow.

"No, no," he replied, hastily; "mine is a distant branch of the family. But you must keep quiet now. You seem to have a good constitution, and may pull through soon, if you allow yourself perfect rest. Otherwise I won't answer for the consequences."

"But, doctor," I remonstrated, "I wish I could have plainer quarters. Look at that pink thing up there, and all these mirrors around us. I'm afraid I'm robbing the ladies."

"All the bed-chambers are alike," said the doctor. "The canopies are all lined with colored silks, and there are the same number of mirrors in every room."

"I wish the Smith Hotel was built!" I murmured.

"That is to be all blue and gold," said the doctor.

"Then Mr. John Smith is a nabob?" said I; but the doctor refused to answer any more questions, and I went into a troubled sleep, from which I did not soon awake.

It was an uneasy sleep, peopled with monsters and dwarfs. Some of them had horses' heads; others took the fantastic shapes of rocks and stumps of trees. I battled with all of them, until, overwhelmed with numbers, I sank back exhausted; and then came the pleasant part of my dream. Shadowy shapes of women came to me, hovered about me, laid their soft, cool hands on my forehead. I heard their voices, without knowing what they said. It was like a strange tongue, low and musical, sweet but unknown.

All this was delirium. I lay thus thirteen days, then awoke to the shadow of my former self. I was still in the bed with the pink canopy. As I looked in the opposite mirror a familiar skeleton appeared there. The light in the room was toned down by heavy curtains, and every thing was still. Suddenly I heard a deep sigh. It made my heart jump for a minute. Then I looked over and saw by the window a woman. Her head was turned from me, but I knew in a moment it was not my enchantress. Never had her hair lain in such smooth bands about her forehead, and I knew she could not have endured a linen collar. Who, then, could it be? I made a slight movement to attract her attention, and in a moment she was at my side.

"I am better," I said, quietly; and she sank down upon her knees at the bedside, quite overcome with emotion.

"Thank God, you are saved!" she cried. "Oh, thank God!" Then she drew back a little and composed herself. "You never gave us a chance to thank you for saving our lives," she added; and I knew then she was the companion in the wicker wagon.

"Laura, Laura!" she cried, hastening to the door. "Mr. Hodge is better. Oh, I hope—I think he will get well now!"

Then there was a rustling of drapery, and a light footstep in the corridor; and while my heart beat like a trip-hammer, Laura entered. More beautiful, ten times more beautiful than ever. Without the inverted straw saucer on her head, with nothing but a little blue bow to relieve the white of her dress, she was simply perfect. She came up to me, and took my hand in both of hers. What a fool I was about that woman! I trembled all over like a leaf; I strove to speak, and failed; actual tears came into my poor weak eyes, and all I could do was to devour her with my hungry gaze. She spoke very prettily. She took my hand in both of hers; she was very kind and sweet, and always beautiful; but somehow I felt disappointed. Why had not she, instead of the other one, fallen on her knees at the bedside and thanked God?

"Now, dear aunt," she said, "you must let me watch in my turn: you are tired, you are worn out; you must go and rest."

But when her aunt had gone, and we were alone together, she wouldn't let me speak.

"Wait till the doctor comes," she said, running to the window. "See, here is his gig." And she ran out to welcome him.

"I'm glad to see you on the mending side," said the doctor. "You've had a serious time of it; but I think now, if you put all your energies to work, you'll get along."

"Oh, we'll hurry him along famously," said Laura. "We'll make him such nice little dishes, and we'll take him out in the sunshine, and, if he isn't afraid, we'll take him out driving—"

"With Whisker?" I said, laughingly.

"Well, Whisker is just as sorry as he can be. He was frightened, you know, by that ugly stump."

"Yes," I said. "By-the-bye, I had that stump dug out myself. It was in my way, you see."

"And after all," said the doctor, "that was the real cause of the accident."

I remembered this remark of the doctor's afterward. I became more in love with Laura than ever. Delirium had not cured my passion. Convalescence increased it sevenfold. I found it impossible to get strong until I knew the best or the worst. I had fair reason to hope. She spent the best part of the mornings in my sick-room, and seemed always to be anxious to know what the doctor thought about me. She followed him down stairs to make him repeat his directions, and staid long enough to get them by heart.

Of course the thought of her father's wealth was a grievous stumbling-block; but I had discovered that at my age he was almost as poor as I. Why should I, from a false pride, render myself miserable? But having resolved upon telling her of my love, I found it no easy matter. Although there were many opportunities, I never got courage to avail myself of them.

At last I resolved upon writing to her, and intrusting the letter to her aunt. I thought she seemed favorable to me. We had many conversations together, and although I had never ventured upon an avowal, they were of a tender and confiding nature. I felt that in her I might have a powerful auxiliary.

Heaven knows how many sheets of paper I destroyed, or how many hours were spent in writing these poor little lines:

"MY DEAR MISS LAURA,—You must know that I love you. I am not rich, but I hope to be; and if you were as poor as I, as Heaven knows I wish you were, we should not be badly off. I can't even enjoy my love for you, I am so tortured by suspense. Won't you put me out of my pain, and send me one little decisive word—only one—and let it be 'yes?'

"Yours devotedly, ROBERT HODGE."

It wasn't a pretty love-letter. I thought of lots of things to say about her beauty and her youth, her incomparable grace, and my unbounded love for her. But I couldn't get these things on paper. They seemed weak and wishy-washy to me somehow. I blushed for them before they were written down, and couldn't prate in that way about a matter that was invested with a sort of sanctity in my innermost heart. I let that letter go, and I'm mighty glad now I didn't make a bigger fool of myself than I did.

I slipped the note in her aunt's hand that night, giving it an imploring squeeze.

"I shall wait in the summer-house at the end of the garden," I whispered; "don't keep me long with the answer."

I drew a favorable conclusion from the manner of my fair embassador. A faint color came into her cheek, and she gave me one look as she went away that said, plainly, "I'll do all I can for you."

I didn't sleep much that night, and can't exactly remember how I stumbled to the summer-house in the morning. I was scarcely strong enough to walk without aid, and what with weakness, and a tumult of emotions that assailed me, I sank upon the seat, trembling like a woman.

You may be sure I did not cease trembling when I saw a fluttering little figure at the end of the arbor. I had not expected her to bring the answer herself. It was too much happiness. I staggered to my feet. She was there, within a few feet of me: the most beautiful face in the world was smiling up into mine. She held out to me two dear little white hands.

"I am so glad," she said; "it has made me so happy. Of course the answer is yes."

It made me strong. I gathered her to my heart. "My dear little girl," I said, lifting her completely off her feet, and kissing again and again her shining hair; "my own little darling, my sunbeam!" Suddenly a big shadow loomed up beside us, and there in the doorway stood the doctor.

It didn't embarrass me in the least. I strove to detain Laura, and was about telling the doctor every thing, when, to my surprise and alarm, Laura struggled away from me, and, bursting into tears, ran sobbing out of the summer-house.

The doctor still stood there, his brow black as a thunder-cloud, and his eyes flashing like lightning.

I certainly considered myself the aggrieved party, and wondered what made him so glum.

"You've shortened the happiest moments of my life, doctor," I said. "What made you stumble this way?"

He took off his hat and wiped the perspiration from his forehead; his hand trembled; he was pale to his very lips.

"What does it mean?" he murmured. "Gracious God! what does it mean?"

"Mean!" I cried. "It means happiness; it means love—an engagement!"

"My God!" he said, starting back. "An engagement with Laura! Why, she's engaged to me!"

Now it was my turn to fall back in amazement; only for a time, though. I plucked up again very soon.

"That's bad, doctor, I must confess—for *you*. I'm sorry, but I suppose Laura has—a—has, in fact, changed her mind."

"Never!" shouted the doctor. "False to me—never! I won't believe it. It's a matter of gratitude with her. She thinks you saved her life."

"So I did save her life," said I.

"Indirectly, yes," said the doctor. "But it was *your* fault that the stump frightened Whisker."

"And it was *my* arm and *my* strength that saved her from being dashed over the cliff!"

"And I set your arm, and brought back your strength. I saved *your* life!" said the doctor.

"I'm much obliged to you," I said, holding out my hand to him. "I never knew how to value it before. Come, let's be friends."

"On one condition," he said—"that you leave this place in twenty-four hours. I give you my word, Hodge, that Laura loves *me*. She's a good-hearted, impulsive child, and has engaged herself to you out of gratitude and pity alone."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said I, to whom all this was not very palatable. "She came to me of her own free-will, in reply to my letter, and told me that my love had made her glad and happy."

"Hodge," cried the doctor, "on your soul, is that true?"

"On my soul and honor," I replied, seriously.

He turned deadly pale again. There was an expression of unutterable rage and grief in his face.

"Then *I* shall leave this place in twenty-four hours," he said, hoarsely. "You are welcome to her!"

Then he strode away, leaving me feeling rather uncomfortably for a time.

The next morning I started out early for a walk to the doctor's boarding-place. I was really afraid that he might commit some desperate act in his grief and disappointment. I felt so sorry for him that I would have done any thing for him but give up my engagement to Laura. I met him half-way. To my surprise he was jubilant. His walk was as springy, his brow as clear, his voice as cheery as ever.

"Hallo, Hodge," he cried, "how are you? You look pale. You mustn't overdo yourself, you know."

"I was awake last night with a headache, doctor," I said; "but it 'll pass over, I hope. I was coming to see you about that affair of yesterday. If there is any thing I can say—"

I stopped for a moment. I didn't feel very good in my head. My walk, instead of making it better, had set it to spinning about on my shoulders. The fact was, all that excitement had been too much for *me*, not for Laura.

"That's all right, Hodge," said the doctor. "It was a mistake. I was coming down to see you about it."

"A mistake!" I said, standing still and looking at him.

"Well, yes. It's a ludicrous thing, and Laura is very sorry it happened; so am I. But I hope, Hodge, you'll see every thing in its right light, you know, when I've explained the matter to you. It was a mistake altogether."

"A mistake!" I repeated, stupidly.

"Yes. You see, it all arose from an infernal custom they have of repeating over and over again the same name in the family. There was Laura's grandmother—her name was Laura Smith, you see; and Laura's mother was Laura Smith too; and by some queer coincidence the sister of Laura's father was called Laura, after a great-aunt by the name of Smith; and her name—that is, the sister of Laura's father—being Laura, that made *another* Laura Smith. So when Laura—*my* Laura, you know—was born, nothing would do but she must be called Laura too, and her name being Smith, there was *another* Laura Smith. But, you see, the misfortune of the thing was that your letter was only addressed to Miss Laura Smith; and Laura—that is, *my* Laura—and Miss Smith—that is, Miss Laura Smith, my Laura's aunt, you see—thought the letter was addressed to her; and *your* Laura sent *my* Laura to tell you. So you are engaged to her, of course, don't you see, Hodge?"

I was long past seeing or hearing either. I lay up against a log in the road in a dead faint. That story of the Smiths finished me. Often now, in the spring of the year, when I feel shaky with my liver, or that old whirring comes back in my head, there is a noise like a million of bees buzzing around me the name of Smith in its different varieties—the mother of Smith, the sister's grandmother's aunt of Smith, the daughter of the father of Smith, and so on, till I nearly go mad.

The doctor picked me up, and sent for his buggy, and carried me back to my splendid bed with the pink canopy; and Laura's aunt—the one I was engaged to by mistake—watched over and nursed me with such tender care that, when I got well, out of sheer gratitude I kept to my engagement, and married her. She was a good woman and a nice-looking woman, and I was fond enough of her to be glad to rescue her from her abominable name, and give her the honest one of Hodge.

I never refused her any thing but once. That was when she wanted to name our first-born after Laura.